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Specula Galtonia

Lewis Gregor V

1931

Published and Edited by the Students of the
Galt Collegiate Institute and Vocational School



*“Self knowledge, self reverence, self control
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.”*

TENNYSON



Galt Collegiate Institute and Vocational School



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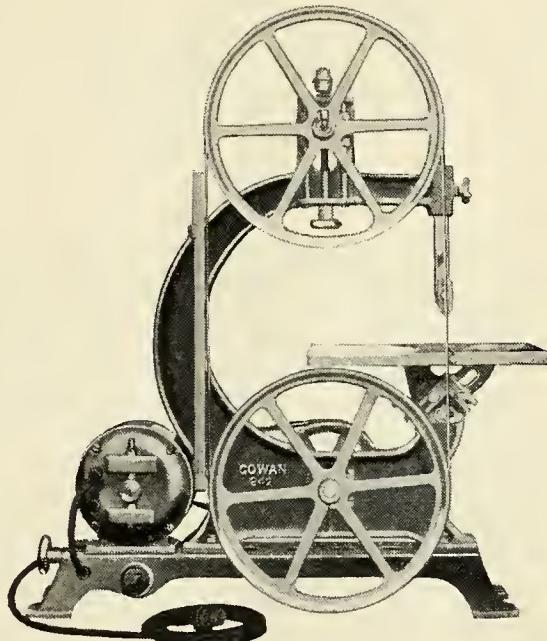
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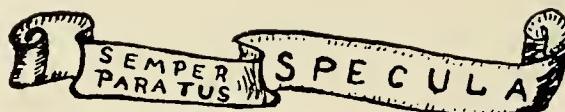
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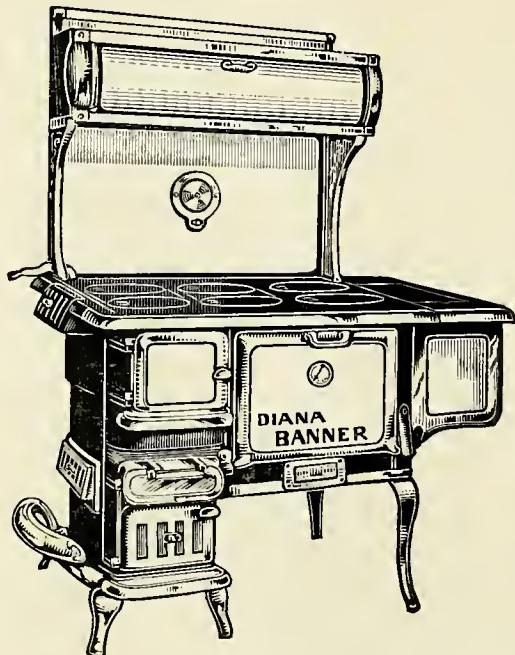
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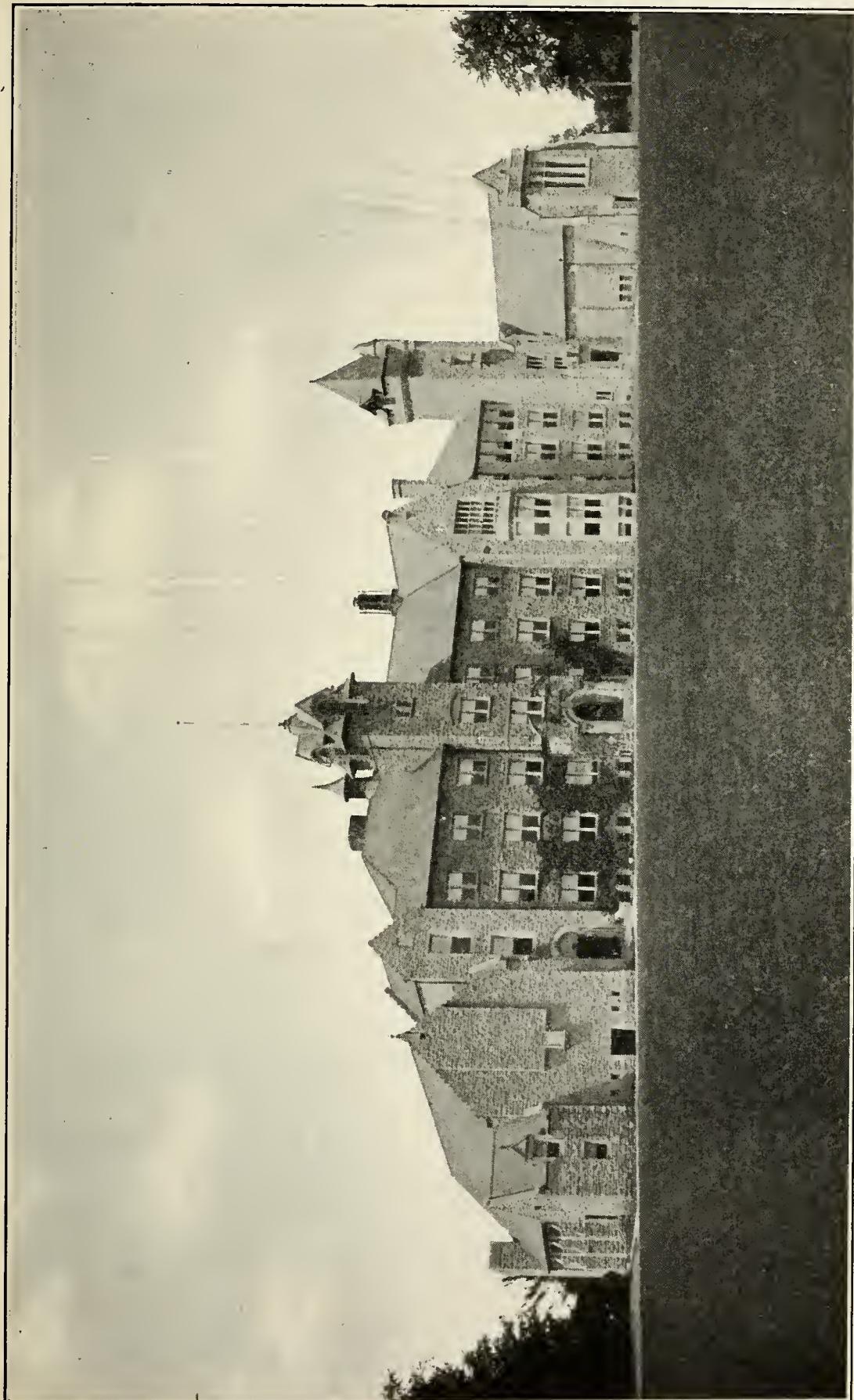
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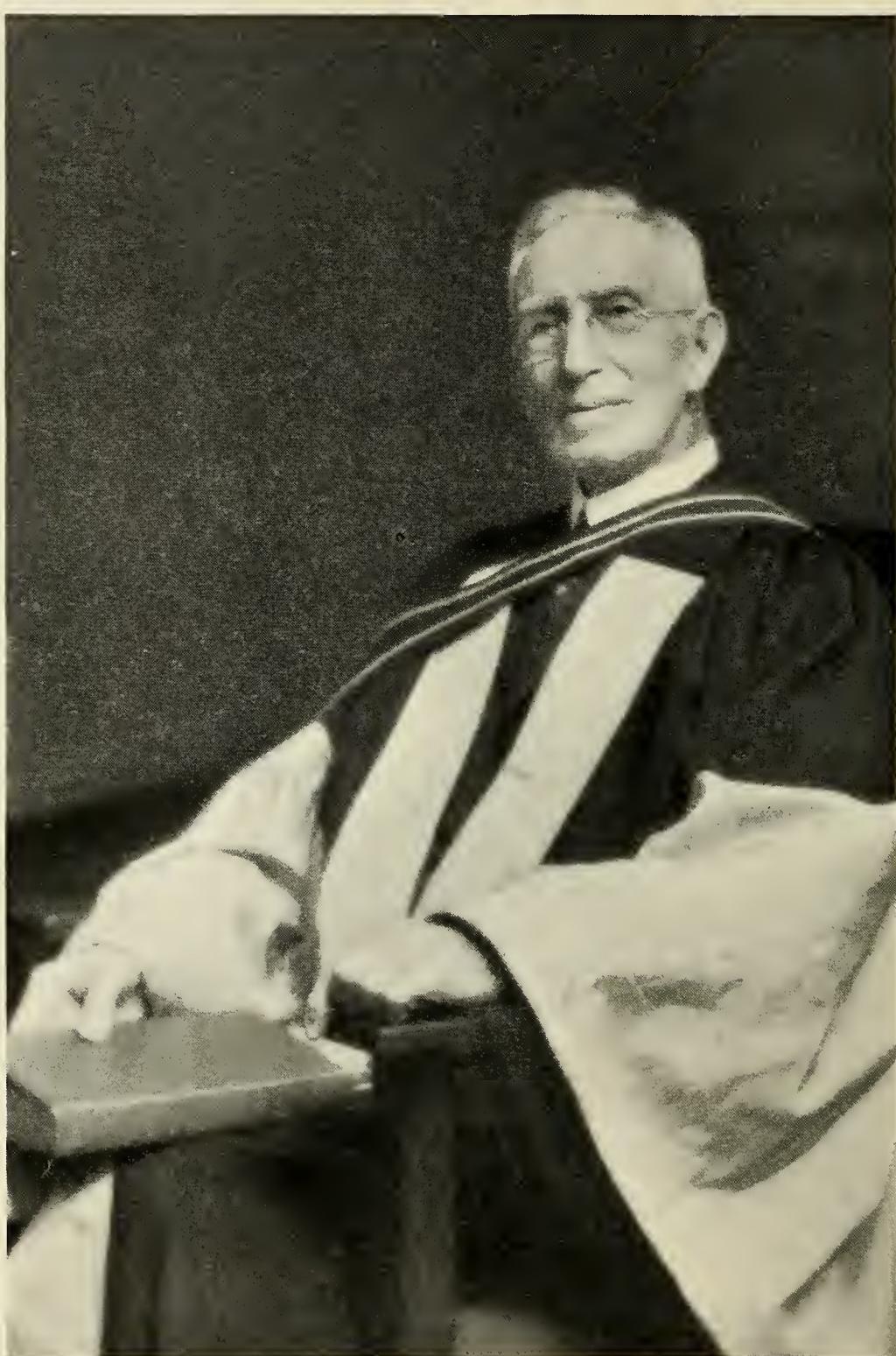


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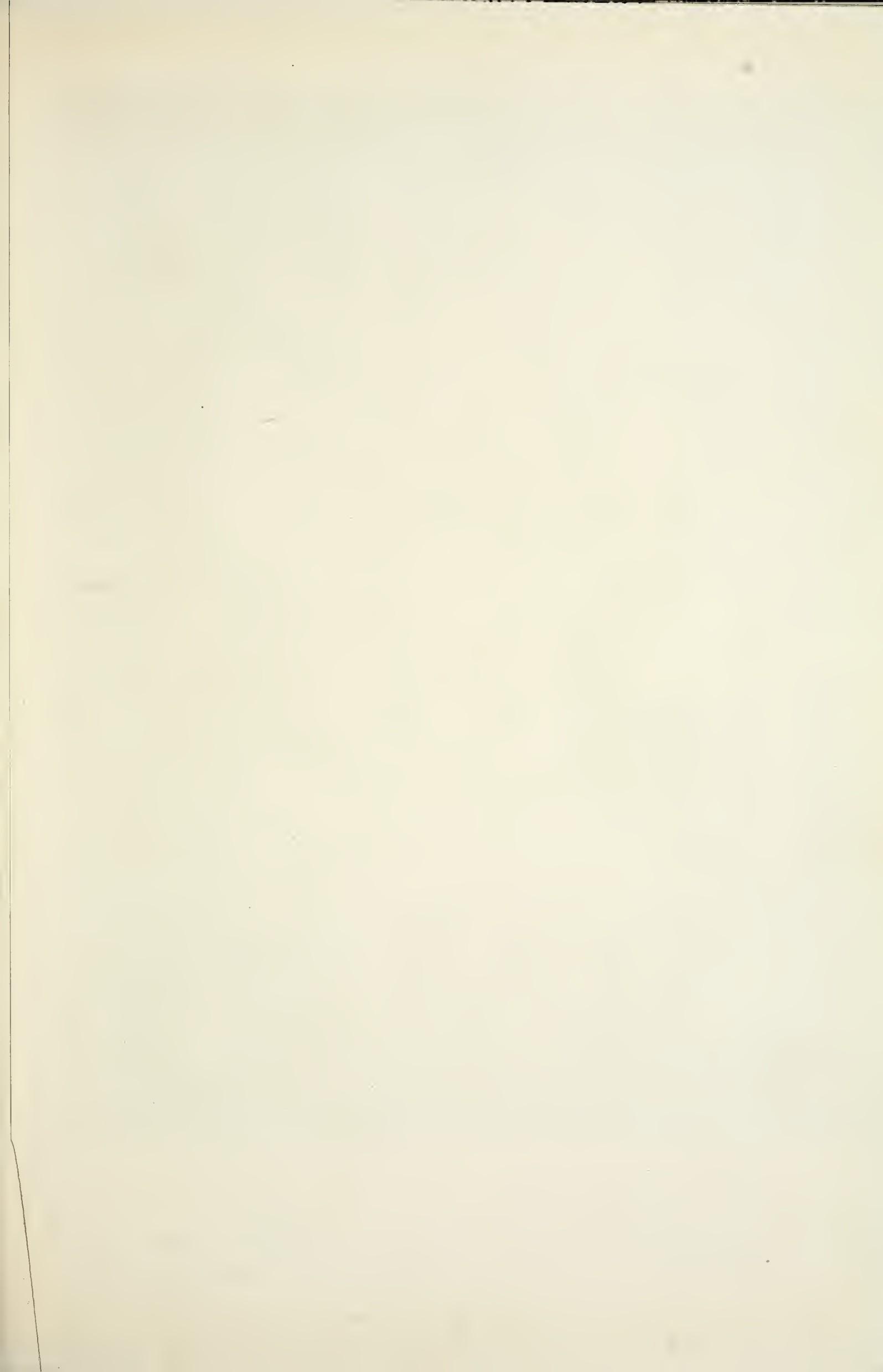
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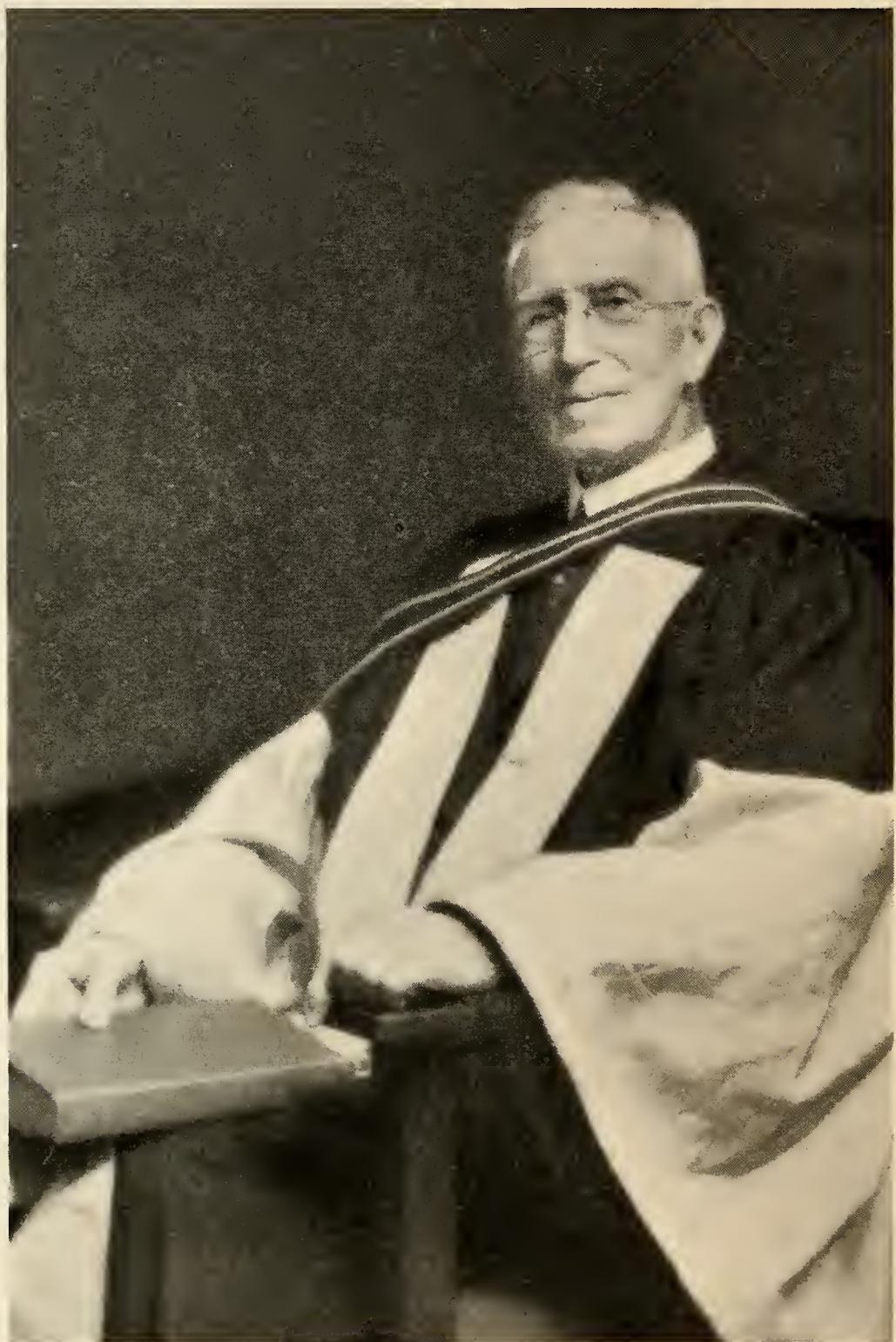


THE GALT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL



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Principal 1884—1914





THOMAS CARSCADDEN, M.A., LL.D.
Principal 1884—1914



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Foreword

SPECULA GALTONIA ! Watch-tower of Galt ! That prompts the question, "Watchman What of the Night?" From the Watch-tower, in this opening year, we see in the foreground our School, larger in number of pupils than ever before. The staff has been increased, additional equipment provided; there is expansion in every department; greater facilities for education are at the disposal of students. If there is no royal road to learning, at least no other highway has more expended on it for the purpose of removing obstacles, and broadening the road for travellers.

Looking farther into the world—great progress is to be seen. Continents are united by telephone and radio. New speed records have been made, marvellous feats performed in the air—mechanical inventions of every kind add to the comfort of daily life—Yet in spite of material development the world is in a state of depression and unrest. Though great wealth abounds poverty stalks through the land. The question of unemployment occupies the minds of statesmen in every country. Age-long traditions—as in Spain at the present time—are being attacked; the old standards of morality and faith are disputed. How are these problems to be solved and prosperity brought out of discord?

It was said recently by a prominent Canadian, that the hope of a country lies in its youth. In the G. C. I. and other similar institutions are forming the characters and personalities which, in a few years, will be called to assume the tasks of the home, the state, and humanity at large. It is at school that the equipment for those responsibilities must be obtained—Strive to acquire independence of thought. Learn to weigh, to consider, to decide. In his Rectorial address to the students of St. Andrew's University Sir W. Grenfell says, "A man who has the courage to say 'I will' or 'I will not' among his comrades, has gained a greater knowledge of the education which is needed to make him of real value to the world and to himself than if he knew more current science than most men can ever hope for"—Tenacity of purpose has always been a characteristic of great men—Obstacles must arise in every pursuit; those which are overcome by unremitting effort transfer their strength to the victor—The prize that is lightly attained is of little value. This is equally true of play and work. There is not much difference between these two; together they make up the game of life.

Semper Paratus, the school motto which appears on the shield, is the ideal toward which school life aspires. It is one which has been gloriously realized in the history of our school, on the field of battle, and in the less picturesque but challenging field of civil life. Let each pupil of the G. C. I. make the motto his own, for school days, and for the more responsible years to come—It will, if followed, procure for him the "joy of life, which is the measure of its force."

J. W. CARTER.



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Specula Galtonia

Published once a year by the Students of the Galt Collegiate Institute and Vocational School, Galt.

VOL. 8

GALT, ONT., MARCH, 1931

No. 1



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"Light is the task when many share the toil."

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Assistant Editor - - - Edith Dowler

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Middle Row—Laurence Snelgrove, Margaret McCallum, Verna Day, Isabel Gourlay, Honor Bailie, Jerome Dietrich, Hume Wilkins.

Back Row—Douglas Kemp, Jack Dawson, Ross Martin, Ken. Shantz, Garf. Lorriman.

Absent—Jim Peters.



"Help me, Cassius, or I Sink"

The Specula Long, long ago when Horace gave his excellent advice, "Ye who write choose a subject suitable to your ability," he could not have foreseen that in future times poor mortals, such as the editors of your SPECULA GALTONIA, would be conscientiously racking their brains for a few suitable words to pass on to the student body of the Galt Collegiate Institute and Vocational School. So, perhaps, we may find room here for a word or two about our school paper itself.

A position on the SPECULA Staff isn't all it's cracked up to be. We agree that it is an honour, but at the same time a difficult task. Needless to say we cannot edit the SPECULA GALTONIA without material, and to whom should we appeal for material if not to the students themselves? If you have any ideas or cartoons, don't keep them to yourselves, try giving others the benefit of them and let them appear on the printed pages of our school magazine, so that your fellow school mates may enjoy them too.

It is the endeavour of the SPECULA Staff to maintain a high standard and in order to do this we must have the full support of every student. The students have supported the SPECULA GALTONIA nobly in the past. Let us keep up this support and our magazine will be one of the best, a boon to advertisers and a credit to the school.

Perhaps you will ask, is the SPECULA worth while? Certainly it is worth while; here is our spirit expressed, here is our one common desire to produce a good magazine for our Collegiate. Here is the evidence of the sort of spirit that ought to exist everywhere where young people get together for their education. We want to be proud of our paper, as proud of it as we are of our school and our staff. We want the spirit of our Collegiate to be outstanding—to show enthusiasm, honour and good fellowship. To us the cover of our SPECULA GALTONIA with the school crest bearing the



motto "Semper Paratus," should be symbolic, for this, above all, should stand for the school spirit. So fellow students let us always remember that the well-being of a school depends on the well-doing of every scholar in it and the only way that we can have a first rate school paper is by the faithful work and co-operation of you all. The former students of the school established a precedent which we may well follow and it is our duty and privilege to set a worthy example for those who are to come, so that when we step down we can say fearlessly—"Carry on."



The York Bible Class All over Canada, and even the United States to-day, people are listening to the Sunday afternoon meetings of the York Bible Class—through the medium of the radio. They are enthusiastically interested in its progress and prophesy a brilliant future for it in the Christian world.

The leader of this magnificent organization of young men is Mr. Denton Massey, himself a young man eloquent and sincere, a young man who is striving to follow and to lead others into following the guidance and leadership of the greatest young man that ever lived, Jesus Christ.

Sunday, February 1st, marked a great step and turning point in the career of the York Bible Class and its members. It was the occasion of its 6th birthday. On February 1st, 1925, a group of eighteen young men under the leadership of Mr. Massey, gathered in Hope Church and held the first of an everlasting and immortal line of meetings of the York Bible Class. To-day it is one of the largest and most successful classes for young men in Canada. Mr. Massey said : "We do not advertise ourselves as the world's largest Bible class because we do not dare. The world's largest Bible class may number less than ten. To us our numbers mean a greater responsibility and a more extended challenge."

To-day he spoke (he does not preach, he says he does not know how to preach) on a text taken from one of the most charming of A. A. Milne's poems : "Now we are Six." This address, delivered on the day of the class's sixth birthday, was one of the most beautiful he has ever delivered. Presented in that simple, direct way that is characteristic of Mr. Massey, it struck a vital chord in the breasts of all those who listened to and absorbed his wisdom. He said : "We are striving after the truth. We pray that this class may be a factor for the good in the hearts of all here assembled."



The York Bible Class has been a success. If we could find stronger words we might use them. Superlatives are unnecessary and we feel that that word "success" expresses all that is needed. But in the words of Denton Massey, "Only the empty head swells. The greatest danger of success is success itself—success that promises a greater success to come." A. A. Milne puts these words into the mouth of his child hero Christopher Robin.

"Now I am Six
I am clever as clever,
I think I shall stay six
For ever and ever."

Now that the York Bible Class is six it does not intend to stay six forever and ever but to go on to greater things, to develop a wider sphere and to "strive after the truth." These young men and their young man leader are standing on the seventh step—they have barely begun—the whole stairway is now before them and their success, though large, is small in comparison to what it promises to be when they are sixty.



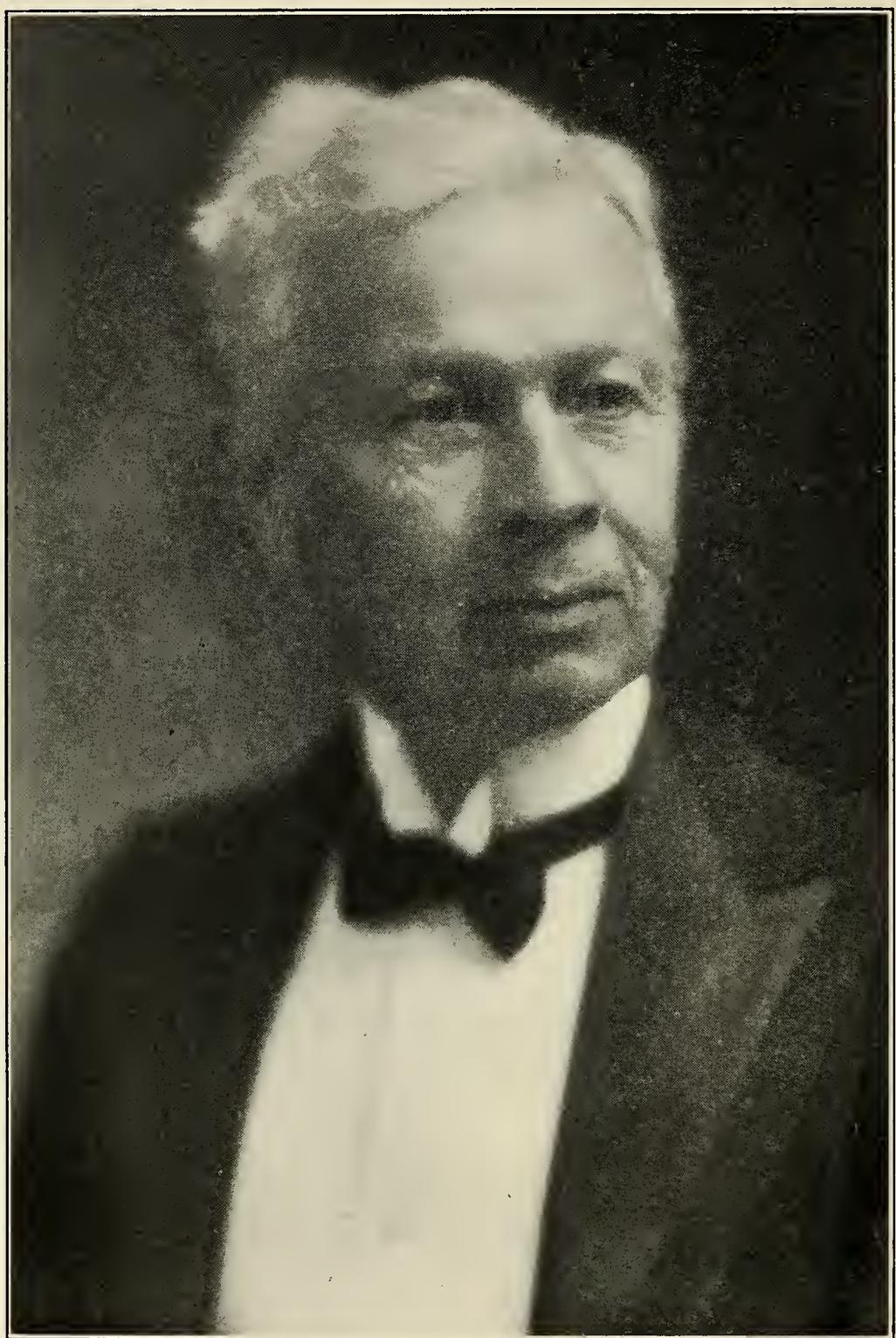
***The Student
Dramatic
Club***

The dramatic talent of pupils throughout the school has been evinced in the three departmental plays presented this term. These plays, sponsored by the Literary Society, have served to sustain general interest in dramatics among the students; they have trained the players to act more convincingly, and have demonstrated that we can play parts when we try.

It is our purpose, in these lines, to arouse interest in an organization which would enlarge our knowledge of dramatics, and enable us to present at least one long play in a year.

We have, in our school, a Staff Players Club, which annually enacts plays from noted playwrights. Their efforts are always crowned with success, and we pupils wish them well.

But we feel, that since we have eight hundred scholars in this Institute, we should have a players' organization of our own, under the guidance of the staff club. This society would be open to any person in the school, and would give a performance for the public each year. In it we would learn the rudiments and some of the finer points of stage expression.



MR. R. S. HAMILTON, M.A.



R. S. Hamilton, M.A.

Note:—This is the second of a series of sketches of our illustrious teachers, to appear in the Specula Galtonia each year.

"He Is a Verry Parfit Gentil Knight."

—CHAUCER

M R. HAMILTON was born in the little country village of Motherwell, situated in the beautiful valley of the Thames, six miles north of St. Mary's. At that time it was a Scotch settlement, but since then it has lost its identity as such. His father was the Presbyterian minister at Motherwell.

Mr. Hamilton received his primary education at the "Regular Motherwell Academy," as it was called. "Where," said he, smiling reminiscently, "The rawhide and maple-wood pointer reigned supreme." These were the symbols of authority. The Academy was preparatory for the entrance examinations, but during the winter months it was not unusual for pupils of twenty and twenty-five years of age to attend.

Leaving the Academy, Mr. Hamilton started his High School career at the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute. It was during this period that he developed a liking for walking because he had to walk the six miles back and forth from his home to St. Mary's every week-end. Mr. I. M. Levann, one of the Inspectors of High Schools for Ontario, was principal of the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute at that time.

Graduating from St. Mary's, Mr. Hamilton journeyed to Toronto where he enrolled in the Science Course of the University. At that time there were just eleven men in the freshman year of the Science Course and these eleven passed through the whole four years and graduated together. The Hon. Howard Ferguson, newly appointed High Commissioner for Canada to Gt. Britain; James Brebner, former Registrar of Toronto University, and Dean DeLury were amongst those who graduated at the same time.

Mr. Hamilton has always been vitally interested in all kinds of sports. He played soccer and football and it was while at University that he first became interested in and started to play rugby. He was a member of the Varsity Glee Club which toured the country during the Christmas holidays making appearances. At this point in the interview he laughingly remarked, "I am now a horrible example of one whose vocal chords have become useless through lack of exercise—or was it too much exercise?" Apparently those old Glee Club days left some impression on him for he has since played very successfully many prominent rôles in the Staff Players' Productions in our School.

The year Mr. Hamilton graduated, the University was completely destroyed by fire, which they said was due to "Pride," because of the fact that the unfortunate man who dropped the fatal lamp was named Johnny Pride.—So the old adage—"Pride goeth before destruction." Dr. Daniel Wilson was president of the University at that time.

Mr. Hamilton graduated from University with his B.A. degree and went to one of the Training Schools at Guelph, Ont. He accepted his first position teaching at Georgetown, but for only six months. Then he took another position at Whitby, where he taught for three years under Principal Tamblyn.

Then Mr. Hamilton came to the Galt Collegiate in the capacity of Science Master. At that time there were only five other teachers on the staff : Dr. Carscadden, Principal; Mr. DeGuerre, Mathematics; Mr. Wright,



Moderns; Mr. Logan, Classics; Mr. Evans, Commercial. The next year, 1901, brought the first lady teacher. At this point Mr. Hamilton quite seriously remarked, "There have been tremendous developments along that line since."

The year after Mr. Hamilton's advent into our school's life, he took charge of all athletics. He taught the girls physical training, and started teaching the boys rugby. He also coached them in soccer, lacrosse, football and other athletics. To promote interscholastic competition he donated the first "Hamilton Cup." It was won for seven consecutive years by Guelph who for their wonderful success were given perpetual ownership of the cup. The second cup was won for five consecutive years by Galt, who now have perpetual possession of the cup. The present cup is still as strongly fought for on the gridiron, as in bygone days.

But Mr. Hamilton did not confine his interests to sport alone. The first school paper was a written copy which was read at Literary Society meetings. He organized and edited the first printed school paper called the "G. C. I. Record." It was a monthly paper and sold for five cents the copy. He related an amusing incident concerning the paper and the late Mr. MacGeorge, the former man-of-all-work about the School. "Mac" was something of a poet and when asked by Mr. Hamilton to contribute one of his poems, he did so. Mr. Hamilton tried to correct the metre and when the poem appeared in print "Mac" was terribly outraged and proceeded to tell in verse of the horrible attempt of the Science Master to reconstruct his poem.

After Mr. Hamilton graduated from University he kept up his studies and in 1901 finished the necessary work to obtain his M.A. degree.

Mr. Hamilton has done some extensive travelling during his summer holidays. His travelling motto seems to be, "See Canada First," for he has travelled over our fair Dominion from East to West with the exception of the Peace River District and the North Pole, which he says he intends to visit in the near future. In his estimation the West is a greater source of interest than the East.

Another of Mr. Hamilton's hobbies is Systematic Botany. The pursuit of this hobby has lured him all around Galt and the surrounding district in search of plants and the study of their habits. At his home he has a very fine collection of plants, which collection is reputed to be one of the best in Galt.

Mr. Hamilton has seen our School's enrollment increase from one hundred to eight hundred, and the teaching staff from six to thirty-one, so that through his care have passed pupils who have brought honour to themselves and to their School. Amongst these are Charlie Houston and Albert McCrae, railwaymen; John Detweiler, professor of Botany at Western University; Herbert Detweiler, prominent consulting physician in Toronto; the Struthers Boys, missionaries in Honan, China; Capt. Harold Oaks, prominent in aviation circles in Canada; Miss Christine Elmslie, winner of Prince of Wales' Scholarship at Toronto University; the late Fraser Kerr, winner of the coveted V.C. during the Great War; Miss Donelda Dickie, historian at the University of Edmonton; Frank Panabaker, an artist whose works are accepted by the American Art Academy and Frank Hogg, Professor of Astronomy at Harvard and winner of a gold medal for astronomy.

The Staff of the Specula Galtonia take this opportunity of wishing Mr. Hamilton continued success and happiness in his associations in our School.



*"Awake, for morning in the bowl of night,
Has cast the stone that put the stars to flight."*

—OMAR KHAYYAM

On Such are Friendships Made

By HONOR BAILIE

IT was one of those glorious late June days made up of heat and sunshine and colour; an ideal afternoon for a boy and a dog. But Peter experienced no pleasure in the warm brown dust under his bare feet, nor any thrill in the feel of his fishing rod as he trailed it listlessly along the ground.

Toby, not sharing his master's unhappiness, was gaily trotting in front and regaling himself occasionally in hide-and-seek with the squirrels. Well, really, Peter had plenty of reason to be miserable. Here it was summer, the happiest time in a boy's life, and Reggy Schwartz, his best pal, was down with scarlet fever. There was Hanky of course, but Hanky didn't count; he was a big sissy in Peter's conception. It was no fun to play Indians or pirates by oneself.

Peter, lost in his misery, did not realize that he was the object of deep scrutiny, until his melancholy reflections were suddenly interrupted by this startling comment, "Gee, I bet you ain't caught a fish in your life." Peter raised amazed eyes to the intruder, and beheld a dirty, ragged little boy, of his own age, perched on a stone wall.

"I have so, I've caught lots," hotly retorted Peter.

By this time Toby was inquisitively examining the stranger.

"Say, call yer hound off me; he looks wild."

At once Peter was on the defensive. "He won't bite yah, he ain't a hound, and he ain't vicious. He's thoroughbred."

"Ha, ha!" jeered the stranger, "thoroughbred! ha, ha, he's a hound."

"He ain't," stoutly denied Peter.

"Well, what is he then?"

This nonplussed Peter for a time, but he bravely rallied to the occasion. "He's got a thoroughbred collie tail," declared Peter, pointing towards Toby's jaunty little plume, "and he's got thoroughbred police dog ears." Peter got no further.



"Hah, hah, he's a hound."

"You dare say that again;" Peter clenched his fists threateningly.

"He's a hound," repeated the boy.

Well, the result was rather confusing. Peter's left fist landed not too gently, on the offender's right eye, and a royal battle ensued. Over and over they rolled in the dust, and the air was filled with gasps and cries and shouts of fury. Toby, not realizing that he was the cause of the trouble circled excitedly around the combatants, wild with anxiety for his master, and bestowing the odd nip on the intricate mass of human limbs. Finally Peter, battered and bruised, emerged on top of the stranger.

"Do you give in?" he roared, accompanying this by furious bounces. The offender decided that he had received enough. A brilliant idea had just occurred to him. "Say," he said, "you won, but if you let me up I'll show you a great place for fishing."

"Honest Injun?" demanded Peter.

"Honest Injun," replied the boy.

Peter, all excitement now, snatched up his fishing rod, and trotted after the stranger, the memory of his fierce battle and the insult to Toby obliterated from his mind at the thought of fishing. In a few moments the boys reached one of the jolliest, brownest, warmest-looking ponds that Peter had ever seen. Overcome with delight, he at once occupied himself with the absorbing business of fishing. Minutes passed, but with no result. Peter was becoming seriously annoyed.

"Give it to me," commanded the stranger. Peter rather shamefacedly relinquished his rod, and watched with amazement, then anger, and finally with downright admiration, as the boy pulled in one silvery fish after another.



"How do you do it?" gasped Peter.

"Oh, I don't know, my father can make 'em come too. You got to have something in you to attract them. Dad calls it the 'oil of come along'."



"Say, you got me all beat in fishing, and if you say Toby's not a hound, let's shake hands and be friends."

"Well," conceded the boy, "if Toby's a hound, he's a good old hound anyway, and if I beat you in fishing, you can beat me all hollow in wrestling."

Peter felt very grand, magnanimous, and forgiving as he shook hands with the boy.

"What's your name?" inquired Peter.

"Tony," replied the boy, "just call me Tony."

"Say, Tony, will you come fishing to-morrow?"

"Sure, any time, rain or shine."

"Oh, gee," was all Peter could say. Life was worth living once more.



Tassie's Apes

By HUME WILKINS

C^{LAD} in dressing gown and slippers I am seated before a glowing fire-place, musing over the contents of a book of verse I hold in my hand.

The writer was a man who loved and cared for our school for forty years—David MacGeorge. One of his story-poems appeals strangely to my mind, and by and by I begin to see the incidents of the tale taking shape in the red-gold flames. An etching of old Tassie School, a gloomy pile on its emerald campus, develops. Slowly a knot of boys comes into my perspective, and I recognize them as some of "Tassie's Apes." The crackling of the fire is metamorphosed into voices, and I listen, entranced.

Jack—"When?"

Dick—"To-night, while he's marking those exercises."

Harry—"Suppose he hears us?"

Dick—"We'll beat it if he turns up."

Harry—"But he'll quiz everybody to-morrow until he finds out who it was."

Fred.—"Well, then, we'll confess—surely we can all stand the cane by this time."

Harry—"But how will he ever get it back?"

Dick—"Oh, you're too conscientious altogether, we've got to have a little fun, even though somebody does smart for it."

Jim.—"That's what I think—we haven't done anything exciting for months and months."

Dick—"Now, father and mother are away, and I'm alone at home. As soon as I've had supper, I'll snitch some doughnuts and a pie from the pantry, and then call for Jim—he's going to bunk with me to-night. We'll hike over to the Head's barn, and I'll climb in the little window, and unbolt the front door, while Jim watches the house."

Len.—"But where do we come in?"

Dick—"Oh, by that time you'll have finished tea, and you can all follow us over. When I meow like a cat, you'll creep up beside the hedge, to the



big door. I'll give another meow, and open it. Then you'll quick grab the shafts, and pull the carriage out. We'll have to be quiet in the drive, but as soon as we get the old shay on the road, we'll go like wildfire."

Geoff.—“Good boy, Dick, count on me.”

Chorus—“ And me—and me—and me—”

The scene gradually shifts, and to my mind the flames present an old-fashioned dining-room. As in the former picture, people become part of the view, and I know them to be William Tassie, and his wife. He is reading a news journal while Mrs. Tassie clears the tea-table. She speaks.

Mrs. Tassie—“William.”

Mr. Tassie (starting)—“Yes, my dear, what is it?”

Mrs. Tassie—“Shall you be very busy this evening?”

Mr. Tassie—“Oh, yes, yes—I had forgotten—there are some exercises to mark. But why do you ask?”

Mrs. Tassie—“Oh, for no important reason, William. I thought we might take a drive; it is a beautiful night.”

Mr. Tassie—“Not now : I'm sorry, but to-morrow evening we shall go, if the weather is fine. But I must go to my study.” (He rises).

Mrs. Tassie—“Before you go, William, please take the cat to the barn. He drank half the pan of cream I had in the cellar to-day, and I won't have him in the house another night.”

Mr. Tassie—“Yes, I will take him : come puss.” (He picks up Thomas, who is rubbing against his leg, and leaves the room).

Again my imagination waves its wand, and the scene changes. I see a dozen boys laboriously pulling a huge carriage out of the Tassie driveway, and into the road. They rattle the cab off out of sight, and all is dark again.

Now, mistily, a campfire circle appears. The same boys are standing about the blaze, and their chatter becomes more distinct as I watch. In the background I distinguish the outline of the Head's carriage.

Dick (mopping his forehead with a huge handkerchief)—“Phew, many more pulls like that would about do me up—I'm tired.”

Fred—“And ready to eat.”

Jim—“Where's the stuff, Dick?”

Dick—“Here it is, in this bag. I brought lots of doughnuts, so we'll have something to travel home on.”

Jim—“I see, you want us to roll home.”

Dick—“Oh, you're a doughnut.”

Harry (dolefully)—“I suppose the Head will whale us to-morrow.”

Len.—“Good-night, forget it. Let's have our fun while we're at it—sufficient unto the day—here, Dick, I'm dying for a doughnut.”

Dick—“Catch—what'll we sing?”

Joe.—“Sweet Adeline—here she goes.” (He leads, and as the doughnuts are passd, they all sing—abandon becomes more joyous, and the song swells into a paean—suddenly a stentorian, but pleasant voice makes itself heard.)



Voice—"Good evening, boys." (Immediately silence reigns; then a low murmuring is heard) "The Head!" "Oh." "Where did he come from?" "Now we'll get it." "Is it really him?" "I'd know his voice anywhere." (As the Head, for it is indeed he, steps into the firelight, the boys, in mechanical deference, rise, and stand awe-stricken).

Mr. Tassie—"Well, boys, I must thank you for the fine ride you have given me. The carriage was very comfortable, although I'm sure you must be rather wearied. As a sequel to this pleasant little adventure, I shall ask you to have the kindness to pull me home again. That will be sufficient punishment for the escapade." (For a moment no one moves or speaks. Then Dick steps forward, abashed).

Dick—"But—please sir, If I may—ask a question, how did YOU get into the carriage—without our finding it out?"

Mr. Tassie (with a chuckle)—"Ask Thomas, my cat; he knows!"

The vision fades—my fire is dead.



The Hardened Heart

By GEORGE MOSS

IN the settlement of the estate of Sylvester C— of Warwick, whose lawyer I was at the time of which I write, I stumbled upon the following manuscript. I consider the publication of these papers no breach of faith with my client, but I have, of necessity, altered the names, and completed the original notes where unintelligible abbreviations and gaps rendered such a course imperative; in all other respects the narrative is entirely unchanged. I firmly believe in the veracity of the strange incidents herein described, and set them forth for your edification, confident that such a widely travelled man and one of such undoubted sanity as C—, wrote in all truthfulness.

Jan. 7, 1896.

"In the fall of '93, I entered into possession of a small fortune, left to me by a dear uncle, who had obligingly died, and set out on a world tour to seek adventure and to visit parts unknown. Undecided even as to the direction I should take, I mentally 'tossed a coin' and set out for Cairo. I had just come down from Cambridge, where I specialized in mineralogy, and with this unworldly knowledge, I set foot in the Near East.

The globe, it has been said, is small, and this dictum now justified itself, for on being directed to my hotel, whom should I meet but Petrie Flinders, a student of archeology, also late of Cambridge. As I remembered him, he had among his other idiosyncrasies, a belief that the meaning of every phrase in the Bible was historically exact; a fact which up to this time had led me to avoid him. This pre-conception, however, was soon to be disturbed.

It was not many days before I discovered the purpose of his presence in Cairo. At first he merely told me that he had strayed so far from his



native Cambridge 'with a view to doing a little looking around in the Valley of Kings.' From his veiled periodic remarks I concluded that the question of Biblical truth played no small part in his movements. His goal was the recently discovered tomb of Amenophet, that great Pharaoh, who, museum authorities claimed, so cruelly enslaved Moses and the Israelites. As a last great stroke of generosity he condescended to take me into his confidence to the extent of giving me a clue; he referred me to the tenth chapter of Exodus. After this enlightening announcement he decided to tolerate my presence on his venture, and combining our resources we set out towards Luxor, the Valley of Kings, and the tomb of the great Pharaoh Amenophet.

On our arrival there, Flinders explained that we were to obtain entrance to the inner chamber where the royal mummy lay. Although still unaware of his exact purpose, but being quite free, and with the spirit of adventure strong within me, I agreed, though not without apprehension.

We waited until nightfall, and then, crawling on our stomachs, fearing lest we should be watched, we reached a small stone doorway. Once inside we breathed more easily. The guards were now out of sight, and 'out of sight, out of mind,' so we lit our torches and made our path towards our destination. Unfortunately our way was barred by an anachronism in the unmistakeable form of a Yale lock. Petrie, however, with his natural resourcefulness, soon filed this in two, and we beheld—the inner chamber!

I shall not dwell at length on the golden images, the inlaid furniture, the woven canopies, or any other evidences of a cruel splendour. Suffice it to say that the sight bewitched us, but our purpose was of a nature other than that of petty tomb stealing. We made our way to the opened sarcophagus which occupied a central position in the rocky vault. Before us lay the mummy of Amenophet, Pharaoh of Egypt, overlord of Ethiopia, Beloved of Ra,—titles long since obsolete. Flinders took, from a satchel he carried, a scalpel, and several bottles of chemicals. Then he set himself to his task. The operation consisted in removing the heart of Amenophet, and placing it on the ground for inspection. He tapped it, and it cracked and crumbled like old china. This gruesome procedure forced me to wonder whether our pastime came under the head of 'Grave Violation.' The old fellow had been dead for some time, but—my nervous reverie was disturbed by 'Note how brittle it is' from Flinders. I noted it, but for the life of me could not see what serious bearing the observation had on an adventure for which I had dared to risk my skin so carelessly.

After experimenting on a piece of heart for some time, he again looked up and spoke, breaking my soliloquies on the discomfort of Pharaoh's Mother-of-Pearl bed. Then he said, and his voice had a ring that impressed me, 'This heart contains salts, which, in Pharaoh's life, encrusted it, hardening the arteries—a sort of angina pectoris.'

I was almost annoyed at this interruption when Petrie continued in the tone of one who is exposing a riddle, 'And the Lord said unto Moses, "Pharaoh's heart is hardened".' Then I understood!"



Sunset

By HUME WILKINS

To pause on a ribbon-like road in front of the pine-shielded schoolhouse at Torrance, and behold the Ruler of Day take his seat amidst the western isles of Lake Muskoka is to have reached the summit of beauty.

The inside of day's blue bowl is overlaid with fairy gold, misted with all the delicate films of the rainbow. These dream-hues mingle with the sky-line in a sheaf of ruby flame. Down the rippling waters dance the wraiths of the exotic heavens, in a wild Bacchanalian riot of magical colour.

Battleship Island, its towering pines jet-etched against the blazing horizon, stands in dark-browed dignity to guard the way to the bedside of the sun.

With a stroke of His brush, the Painter silvers the edges of rose-tinted cloud-feathers, which hang, motionless, above the fire-pot, and the colours begin silently to steal back to Iris, the rainbow maiden. The orange lamp of day sinks out of sight, and ephemeral twilight embraces the world with sensuous caresses. At her coming, the breezes, thrilled with her evasive loveliness, pause in their revels, and all is still.



Harold Dando—School Captain

Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound,

is the well deserving winner of the coveted Thomas Porter Scholarship for School Captain in nineteen thirty-one.

HAROLD STANLEY DANDO is a native of Two Twenty-three North Water Street, Galt, city of a thousand other glories. He first put in an appearance there on October Fifteenth, Nineteen Twelve.

Mr. Dando is tall and slender, lithely built. His locks, parted on the right side of his head, are curly and raven, characteristically kinky. Sparkling eyes reveal the mischievous imp dancing behind them. His cherry complexion is easily fluctuated by emotion. His face is long and oval, at times assuming a pale cast of thought, although he is more likely to act on the spur of the moment, without cogitation.

Mr. Dando uses his tongue extensively for the purpose to which it was intended, but secrets are as safe as Gibraltar when once confided to him. Occasionally his calm temper turns testy side up, and his organ of speech moves accordingly. To his best friends he is always pleasant and suave, except when they annoy him unbearably. He is unceasingly tender-hearted, and delights to perform the small courtesies. Sociability is inalienable to him, and a coterie of admirers often surrounds his attractive self.



Mr. Dando has earned for himself, through the years, something of the reputation of Peck's Bad Boy. His earliest recollection, in fact, is of getting the works for attempting to abscond with his brother's wrist watch. He confesses to having felt the schoolmasterly lash twice since he entered the portals of the Collegiate. Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, when Miss Harding held court in Room Ninety-four, the very young Dando was committed to the mercies of the office strap, on a charge of shooting rice, at whom we do not know. He chewed gum one day, and was scathingly bidden to discard it, by whom we dare not say.

The School Captain is a sportsman. As far back as he can remember, he has been snap on a rugby team. Wherever a group of schoolboys band themselves together to play a game, he may be found. Last year he was chosen Captain of the Basketball Team. The Gym. Team has known him ever since its inception. He is the Major of the Twenty-First Cadet Corps, and a crack shot with a rifle.

The Man Dando's travels have led him afield to Cochrane in the wilds of the North, and the Border Cities on the edge of gangsterdom. He approves highly of the inhabitants of the Ontario mining town, but considers Detroiters and Americans generally as grubbing and mercenary.

His best loved sports are tennis and basketball, in both of which he is a steady, dependable player.

He gives no reason for reading the books of Philips Oppenheim and Gene Stratton Porter.

As interviewing representative of the Specula Galtonia, I asked Mr. Dando several pertinent questions.

"What are your political views?"

"I am a Tory," he replied. "As to your question regarding the St. Lawrence Waterway, I think it would be tough on Montreal. My idea of Empire Free Trade is that it would be practicable if it were somewhat restricted."

"What is your opinion of the teachers and pupils of the school?"

"Well, the teachers are all right in the main. One or two of them might take reducing exercises. Some others might be somewhat more amicable, for instance it wouldn't hurt them to say good morning to us when they meet us in the corridors before nine o'clock. That would make for better feeling between them and us. The pupils are too staid. Why don't they get over their foolish inferiority complexes, and enter into things more? They don't mix enough, and it wouldn't do them any harm to slide down the bannisters once in a while. Perhaps Mr. Wholton would make some concessions in that case."

"To what do you attribute your successful school career?"

"I don't know whether this is the proper thing to say or not, but I think it developed mainly because I have always tried to be friendly and congenial with everybody in the school."

"Have you a definite ambition?"

"Yes, I want to be a chemical engineer, and discover a way of turning old newspapers into sugar."

My concluding question was one that has puzzled the master minds of the generation. But Mr. Dando's answer to it came quick as a flash.

"What is the solution of Unemployment?"

"If every person had a job, there would be no unemployment."



The Supposed Elephant

By CATHERINE BOWMAN

AN elephant lived in a square box outside the railway station, near the opening of the tunnel. Jack might not have been so perfectly certain if his father had not told him it was an elephant.

But Jack had seen the trunk himself—the long, leathery trunk with water dripping from the top of it. He had seen it when he was driving in the car with his father, and was obliged to wait because the gates across the road were shut down to let the train pass. The engine stood some distance away, outside the trunk, by the square box and Jack said, "Oh, Dad, look! There's an elephant's trunk."

Dad looked, and answered gravely, "Yes, it's an elephant's trunk. They keep the poor brute in that tank, and he's hungry. He's even trying to get something to eat out of the engine."

Jack looked again, and he could just see that the trunk seemed to be feeling about inside the engine. Presently the engine-driver pushed it out, and it fell back, all dripping with water. They gave it nothing but water. Jack thought that was mean of the railway station. He was very quiet all the way home, although generally he had many things to tell his father.

Jack loved all animals. He knew what a lot elephants wanted to eat, but this poor elephant had nothing at all—nothing but water. He felt so miserable that he could not go to sleep for hours and hours. In the morning the thought made his own cereal taste quite horrid; it even spoiled the egg sitting on a beautiful bit of buttered toast. If his father had not been in such a hurry at breakfast, he might have known that Jack's mind was far away. He was beginning to make a plan. If the railway station would not, and his father could not, he must go and feed the elephant himself.

He would go in the night after his mother had put him to bed. The other worry was money. But after investigating his bank he thought he had enough of it. The buns were soon purchased and hidden under the bushes in the garden. He felt sure that if his mother saw the bags she would ask awkward questions. He was afraid, too, that Rags, his terrier, would steal the buns. For the rest of the day Jack was under a great strain of anxiety.

It seemed ages and ages before his mother tucked him in, kissed him good-night, and went away to the kitchen. Directly she had gone, Jack was out of bed and pulling on his socks. Ten minutes later, he was slipping out of the house, very quietly, with most of his clothes buttoned in the wrong button-holes, because he had never put on all his clothes alone before.

It was quite a long way to the station, and it was getting dark when Jack slipped through its white gate. Nobody saw him as he made his way towards the elephant's house. Not a sound came from the animal, and Jack



decided that the poor old thing must be asleep. He laid down the bag, and rather timidly held a bun to the tip of the trunk. But the elephant took no notice. He patted the cold, damp trunk, but the elephant did not move. He patted harder, and still nothing happened. Then Jack tried to think how one talked to an elephant to make it understand. But even then the elephant took no notice. Suddenly, Jack understood what had happened. The elephant was dead—starved. He had brought the buns too late.

The lump in his throat turned to real sobs, and he turned home broken-hearted. Jack will never forget the incident, and the shock he got when his father told him it was only a leathery, trunky pipe, coming out of a tank, to give the railway engines water.



LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Foreground—Honor Bailie, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Jerome Dietrich, 1st Vice-Pres.; Gladys Wildman, Sec'y.
Background—Hume Wilkins, Pres.; Jack Dawson, Councillor; Douglas Kemp, Sec. of Gen. Committee.



Janet

SEATED at one of the long study-tables in our museum the interview with our Girl Captain began. Before me sat the victim, a most attractive victim, you might even say a delectable victim. For the girl who bears the burden of the weaker sex of the school on her sturdy shoulders is a favourite of nature and gentlemen alike; a sunny-haired blonde, blue-eyed, rosy cheeked, deliciously snub-nosed, with a sudden sweet smile. This is Janet.

She is a splendid student. Although forced to miss an entire year of school, she came back and stepped into academic life as if she had never missed a day.

However, fair Janet is no bookworm. On field day in 1928 she walked off with the Senior Girls' Championship. She has graced the Softball Team through three successful seasons. Last year she made the Basketball Team. This year she starred as a fast, hard fighting, almost invulnerable defenceman.

Our versatile Janet has still some cards up her sleeve. In '29 and '30 she decorated the stage as Secretary of the Literary Society. Now she is the mother of us all, Captain of the feminine body of the school, elected by the girls for her ability, her sportsmanship and for herself.

Swimming and ball are her favourite pastimes—skates beautifully—plays tennis, but doesn't like it much—has naturally curly hair—organized a kitchen orchestra for a Lit. meeting—uses only powder—eats breakfast—likes dancing—wears a great deal of blue and green—likes stories of adventure and travel—is fond of Richard Haliburton—is not averse to a sentimental novel now and then—and loves chocolate ice cream.

Janet believes we should have serious little things like Student Councils and Dramatic Clubs around the School, which might promote more friendly relations between students and staff.

"One of the things I think we really should have," Janet insisted, "is a regulation uniform for the girls; you know, tunic and Margaret Eaton blouse. Evening dresses in the classroom must be distracting to the boys."

Janet likes present day fashions. She approves of long skirts for evening but hates them for day—prefers bobbed hair to long—dislikes the spring hats.

"Another thing," Janet waxed energetic, "I'd like to take a scrubbing-brush to a few of our phantom faces, the ones that look kalsomined, and scrub until they shone."

Janet positively radiated excitement. "Don't you think a tea-dance would be a great way to end the basketball season?" she suggested suddenly, "and that is the last idea I have." No doubt the rest of the school will agree that her last idea was a great one.



O, Onion, Onion!

By ANTION

FITTINGLY enough, this year, the newly inaugurated onion week and our examination week arrive at the same time. Misfortunes, of course, never come singly, and we are resigned to the prospect of having everyone but ourselves the victim of onionosis, while we exist on a frugal diet of coffee and aspirins and Latin, feeling generally cross with the rest of the world.

The persons responsible for onion week must either be sworn practical jokers, or Communists, bent on wrecking the peace and unanimity of intelligent society. Perhaps the thing was got up by the makers of Listerine or Lavoris, or Life Savers, with the sole end in view of hastening the return of prosperity by having everyone rush to the drug stores to buy their products, so as to be able to continue to appear in polite company. Whatever was the cause, it may safely be construed that the effect will be gigantic.

Each morning of onion week, as we stretch experimental arms from the land of counterpane to strangle clanging alarm stocks in the cold grey light of dawn, the aroma of omelettes will be wafted to our nostrils. But when at last we are seated at the breakfast board, and have tasted the first morsels, anguish will mask our shining morning faces,—the omelettes will contain chopped onion; when we enter our favourite tea-rooms to indulge in delectable lunches at noon-time, the waitress will ask us how we wish our onions. Thereupon we shall bolt those deluding cafés, and eschew luncheons during the whole week. At evening, when we enter our own hallways, tired, but happily expectant of pleasant dinners, again our hopes will fall—the odour of the all-pervading vegetable will even have crashed the gates of dinner, and we shall sit down to beefsteak, smothered in onions.

It will be a week of weeping.

As women all over the land sit, peeling onions, hot, unbidden, and unavailing tears will roll down their cheeks—tears neither of joy nor sorrow, nor repentance nor pain, but useless tears—tears with no meaning and no objective.

It will be a week when men will avoid their friends. Companionable intercourse will be impossible, and thus intimacies will be shattered; men will grow morose and sullen, and an atmosphere of gloom will cover the earth.

But the onions themselves will at last come into their own. Grocers will sell them by the barrel, housewives will cook them by the pound, and they will grace the tables of all the homes of the land, small and great, rich and poor. They will be fried, roasted, boiled, creamed, scalloped, and grilled; they will be eaten raw, salted, with or without vinegar, peppered and in salad. Onion pickles will take the place of ketchup and H. P. Sauce, and sweet cucumbers; enterprising chefs will find some way to use them in desserts.

So the humble and oft-despised onion will be brought before the public mind, and under the public nose, and will gain a positive or negative popularity. People's minds will be made up on the onion question. They will be through with their everlasting stalling off the potent fruit of the soil in public, and clandestinely eating it in the privacy of home kitchens, and will come out strongly either for or against its penetrating personality. Such a move will make for the equalization of the national mind, and will aid in the relief of strained mental conditions.



*The poet may jingle and rhyme,
In hopes of a laureate wreathing ;
And when he has wasted his time,
He's kindly rewarded wi' naething.*

—ROBERT BURNS

Afterglow

By JOHN THOMPSON

In the afterglow
Of the tinted west
Where the sun sinks low
To his evening's rest,

Where painted skies
Throw a flickering light
Or fire flies
With their lanterns bright;

When shadows fall
And the stars peep through,
I will hear you call
In the afterglow.



The Ravin'

By MAURICE CROMPTON
(With Apologies to E. A. P.)

At our lessons we were sitting, as our teachers say is fitting,
And our eyebrows we were knitting, knitting o'er the awful bore.
As we sat there faintly snoring, suddenly there came a roaring,
As of someone loudly storming, storming at us with a roar.
" 'Tis the teacher," we all muttered, "storming at us with a roar,
Only he, and nothing more."

On and onward he kept ravin' and his hands he sure was wavin',
Till to us there came a craving, craving to be out the door.
All the while that he was roaring, we all, so it seemed, were poring
O'er the lines of print so boring, sometimes looking towards the door.
"How oft, threatening detention, must I tell you 'PAY ATTENTION'?"
Quoth the raved at, "Evermore."



The River

By FREDA THOMPSON

There's a river winds through an old Scotch town,

A river with many a bend,
A river of many a lilting splash
Of hasty turns and sudden dash,
A river of eddies where currents clash,
E'er it reaches its journey's end.

And oft on a summer's afternoon,
You will see a fisher boy,
As he casts his line in the quiet flow,
Where friendly willows lean so low,
Where cat-tails, flags, and rushes grow,
And fishing is a joy.

Great heaps of stone on its banks so high
Are placed with loving care;
Fine schools and churches stand serene,
Like sentinels at their posts are seen,
In winter's white or springtime's green,
O'er the river valley fair.

And home folks round that old Scotch town,
In the midst of a fertile land,
See the river winding calm and free,
By jutting rock and willow tree;
And they hear it call to its friend, the sea;
And they tell you, "That's the Grand!"



Day Dreams

By GEORGE MOSS

Nothing I like so well as these,
A slash of green through woodland trees.

A glimpse of sky between the leaves,
A glint of sun on buckwheat sheaves.

A muddy field of dappled brown,
Sunlit roofs in a smoky town.

A limestone shelf at the water's edge,
A warbler's nest in an English hedge.

The breeze ribbed surface of water still,
The querulous call of the whip-poor-will.

A billowy cloud in a sky serene,
A swinging bird in the azure clean.

A city street or a country lane,
In glory of sun or ripple of rain.

Nothing I like so well as these,
An earthly heaven, a heavenly frieze.



Scholarship Students



JANET WOOD

HAROLD DANDO

MARION TAIT

EOLA SCOTT

PORTER SCHOLARSHIP

Harold Dando won the Porter Scholarship when he was elected School Captain by the popular vote of the student body. Harold, a member of the graduating class of '30, is Major of the Cadet Corps and is a member of the Rugby, Basketball and Gym. teams of 1930.

STAFF PLAYERS' SCHOLARSHIP

Janet Wood, winner of this scholarship, was chosen Girl Captain by the vote of the girls. Janet, a resident of Preston and a member of the graduating class of '31, has held office in the Literary Society and is a member of the Girls' Softball, Basketball and Gym. teams.

FIRST CARTER SCHOLARSHIP

Marion Tait, Girl Captain of '30, was awarded the First Carter Scholarship for proficiency in Upper School Examinations. Marion has an outstanding High School record and her various achievements during her High School days are worthy of special mention.

June 1927 : Awarded Province of Ontario Confederation Jubilee gold medal for History.

Awarded Stauffer-Dobbie Scholarship for Commercial Second Year General Proficiency, \$25.00.

June 1928 : Awarded Commercial Diploma with Honours.

Awarded McCaskey Systems Scholarship for Commercial Third Year General Proficiency, \$25.00.

June 1929 : First Class Honours in seven Middle School Papers.



Dec. 1929 : Awarded Staff Players Scholarship for Girl Captain, \$25.00.

June 1930 : First Class Honours in 13 Upper School Papers.

Awarded by Department of Education : First Carter Scholarship, \$100.00.

Awarded by University of Toronto : Second Edward Blake (Moderns Proficiency) \$85.00, plus 4 years' tuition.

Second Edward Blake (Classics Proficiency) ranked first.

Awarded by Victoria College : The Flavelle Scholarship in Classics \$60.00, plus 3 years' tuition. Eligible for the Moses Henry Aikins Scholarship \$100.00, plus 4 years' tuition.

In addition to the above academic accomplishments Miss Tait was, at various times during her high school days, president of her graduating class, held office in the Literary Society, was Associate Editor of the School Paper, played Soft-ball for the School, and worked on countless student committees.

THIRD CARTER SCHOLARSHIP

Eola Scott was awarded this scholarship for proficiency in the Upper School Examinations. Eola came to Galt from St. Catharines and while she was at the Collegiate only one year she succeeded in winning the Third Carter Scholarship.



*"There was speech in their dumbness,
Language in their very gesture."*

JEAN NOLIN (1898—)

Bibliographie, Les Cailloux, poésies
Montréal 1918

En préparation—Un roman

M. Jean Nolin naquit le 21 août 1898 à Sorel. Entré au Collège Sainte-Marie (à Montréal) à onze ans, il est reçu bachelier es-arts à dix-neuf ans. Les Cailloux paraissent l'année. Une partie de ce recueil a suivante. été composé dès la quinzième année.

Parce qu'il croit que l'avenir de l'intel-

ligence, au Canada, dépend largement des conditions économiques, M. Jean Nolin se destine à l'industrie et fréquente maintenant l'Ecole des hautes études commerciales.

M. Olivar Asselin a écrit à propos des Cailloux, dans la Revue moderne, que la poésie de M. Nolin possède, entre autres qualités, celle "d'être honnête sans être bête."

Le père du poète, M. Joseph Nolin, professeur à l'Ecole dentaire de Montréal taquine, lui aussi, la muse.



VOICE UN POEME DE M. JEAN NOLIN EN CLASSE

Tandis que le maître proclame
La nécessité d'avoir l'âme
Pure et chaude comme la flamme
Du soleil dans le firmament,
Les élèves voudraient bien être
Le rayon joyeux qui pénètre,
Par le trou bleu de la fenêtre,
Insolemment.

Tandis qu'il leur jette à brassées
Les splendeurs des gloires passées;
Fleurs que l'Histoire a ramassées;
Qu'il leur dit l'empereur romain
Et l'Aigle mort à Sainte-Hélène,
Chaque élève songe à demain
Quand on s'ébattra dans la plaine
A perdre haleine.

Tandis qu'il leur fait entrevoir
Le bonheur grave du savoir
Les récompenses du devoir
Et la beauté du sacrifice,
En soi-même chacun se dit
Que, si le temps se refroidit,
On s'en ira, demain jeudi
Là où l'on glisse.

* * *

LE TRAIN-DANCING

Après le wagon-restaurant; après le wagon-salon; après le wagon-lit; après le wagon de lecture; après le wagon-poste-de-T. S. F. voici donc le wagon-dancing.

Où a enlevé les sièges, les filets, les porte-baggage; et les voyageurs peuvent, à peu près à leur aise y danser le one-step, le two-step, le five-step, ou le 945-step ou son de l'orchestre du Claridge transmis pas T. S. F.

Avouons que c'est délicieux et charmant.

Après le wagon jazz, le wagon-chevaux-de-bois et le wagon water chute il ne restera plus qu'un seul wagon à créer.

Le wagon où l'on pourra regarder tranquillement par la vitre les jolis paysages de France.

* * *

LE BRAVE CHASSEUR

Un jour, un chasseur entra dans un forêt, portant son fusil sur l'épaule. Il marchait lentement, avec précaution. Soudain il s'arrêta. Alors il regarda à droite, à gauche, devant, derrière, tout autour de lui. Il se baissa, examina le sol; puis se releva, regarda en l'air écouta avec attention, et continua d'avancer lentement, avec précaution.

Un bûcheron, qui abattait des arbres dans la forêt, passa à ce moment. Il aperçut notre chasseur et lui demanda ce qu'il cherchait ainsi.

— Je cherche la trace des pas d'un ours.

— Venez avec moi monsieur, je vais vous montrer l'ours, je l'ai vu il n'y a qu'un instant.

— Non, non, merci! répondit aussitôt le brave chasseur. Je ne cherche pas l'ours. Je ne cherche que la trace de ses pas.

* * *

LA FEMME ET LE PARAPLUIE

Savez-vous mesdames qu'on peut juger de votre caractère d'après le façon dont vous vous servez de votre parapluie? C'est du moins ce qu'affirme un physiognomoniste qui a établi les principales règles que voici.

Une femme qui continue à gardier son parapluie ouvert quand il a cessé de pleuvoir est une bonne ménagère, soigneuse et économique.

Une femme qui roule son parapluie encore humide est une personne insouciante et désordonnée.

Une femme qui ne le roule jamais est négligente et dépensièrue.

Une femme qui traîne son parapluie derrière elle est méchante et acariâtre tandis que celle qui le porte habituellement sous le bras est d'un commerce agréable et presque toujours de bonne humeur.

Enfin une femme qui a chaque pas frappe le sol du bout de son parapluie peut être considérée comme une femme loyale et fidèle.

* * *

BONS MOTS

A l'examen pour le certificat d'études L'examinateur — Et maintenant élève Poupon pourriez-vous me dire quel est l'animal qui nous fournit le jambon.

L'élève — Le charcutier, monsieur.

* * *

QUESTION

L'autre jour au cours d'un meeting très houleux auquel j'ai assisté des suffragettes ont agité la grave question du féminisme.

Je n'étais pas très rassuré.

Une dame est montée à la tribune. Elle était vêtue d'un joli corsage gris en crêpe de chine et coiffé d'un charmant chapeau vert, avec une plume qui n'en finissait plus. Elle a agité la sonnette à tour de bras et elle a dit.

— Citoyennes. Je suis prête à répondre à toutes les questions.

Alors toutes les suffragettes-restées femmes quand même — ont crié.

— Où avec-vous acheté ce délicieux chapeau.



UN BON ABRI

Le petit Pierre—pendant la promenade
—Oh que je suis content. Il va pleuvoir.

Le papa du petit Pierre—Tu aimes donc
tant la pluie?

Le petit Pierre—Non mais quand je
suis avec maman et qu'el pleut nous nous
mettons à l'abri chez un pâtissier.

LA NOUVELLE BONNE

Madame—Mariette nous déjeunons le
matin à huit heures.

La nouvelle bonne—Très bien, madame,
mais si par hasard je n'étais pas levée
que madame ne m'attende pas.

CHARADES

Mon premier se trouvait dans les
chateaux forts.

Mon second est un arbre.

Mon tout indique un mouvement circulaire.

Solution—four-mi.

NEWS and FEATURES

DOUG. KEMP. - - - Editors - - MARGARET McCALLUM

"Perhaps a remembrance of these things will prove a source of future pleasure."

The School Party GALA STUDENT EVENT

HAROLD DAVIS shook hands with the reception committee at least a dozen times on the night of the annual school social. That's the secret of popularity.

The school gym. was flooded with light, and once past Janet and Hume at the door, everyone cast off the mantle of formality, and tripped the light fantastic,

or played crokinole, absorbing and reflecting the glow of the jolly lamps. Ice cream and delectable cake, and café au lait were served in the lunch rooms. Garf. wasn't hungry, so a considerable portion was left for the black kitten.

When the party broke up, we piled in the family chariots, shining in use, and maybe went home, ultrajoyous.



Memorial Service

To the slow and solemn strains of that well-known hymn, "Oh God our help in ages past," the long line of teachers, in the gowns of their various Alma Maters, made its entrance into the crowded Assembly Hall.

Following in military formation, the Cadets of the School marched to their assigned places, while the guard of honour was arranged formally along the length of the auditorium.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Canon W. H. Snelgrove and Principal T. H. Wholton. It was, in its beauty and sincerity a direct challenge to those who believe that to-day's youth are for-

getting the vast debt of gratitude and reverence they owe that gallant army of men who fell in France for the honour and preservation of their country. None who were privileged to attend the service, or who heard it broadcast, were untouched by a feeling of deep appreciation and solemn reverence, from the time of the mellow bars of the opening hymn, to the soul-stirring notes of the bugler's "Last Post."

While the voices of the pupils were raised in unison to the measured strains of "Oh, God of Bethel," the teachers were ushered out by the Cadets to pay homage with bowed heads to the memory of Galt's



dead war heroes. The long main corridor was lined on either side by the military uniforms of the Cadets and the impressive black gowns of the teachers, unadorned except for the colours to which their particular letters entitled them. Between

these lines the whole school reverently marched past the tablet engraved with names of the dead, and hung with poppy wreaths to symbolize our remembrance of their great deed.

The High School Editors' Convention

BRIGHT and early that Friday morning, when most students were in their comfortable beds, tired from their toiling upward of the night before, I wended my way to the C.P.R. Station to catch the six-forty flier for Toronto. I was going to a gathering of School magazine editors, which was to meet in Convocation Hall at the University of Toronto. Editors were to be there from all over Ontario, as guests of the Sigma Phi, Women's Journalistic Fraternity of the University.

An all too short train ride brought me to the vastnesses of the Union Station, and I alighted, full of the dignity of my position as representative of the finest school in the world. A rather meaningless walk up Bay Street took the tight out of my legs, and I boarded a car and was whirled to Bloor and Avenue Road corner. My rube intelligence told me that if I proceeded any further I should only have to walk back, and I hustled off the T.T.C. vehicle.

I stood, in the middle of the sidewalk, mouth and eyes wide open, drinking in avidly the marvels of the corner, revealing to everyone my rustic extraction. But the Fates were kind that day, and sent their favoured messenger in the thrice welcome form of Marion Tait, to shield me from the city sharers. For that extremely charming and accomplished young lady at that very moment stepped from a car, and we joined hands and danced with joy. In the next five minutes, as we moved along with a crowd of college students, each told the other all we could remember. Marion pointed out Convocation Hall, and we parted.

Dear me, if I chatter on like this all night, the account will cover reams, and I shall never be allowed to put anything in the Specula again.

When we were all registered and seated reading copies of the "Varsity," the Convention came to order. Professor Wallace welcomed the delegates to the University, and the roll was called. Schools from North Bay to Ottawa were represented, some by one person, and many by two or

three. Rest assured that when "Galt" was called the writer made sure he was heard all over the building in his stentorian "Present."

Two more addresses filled Friday morning, one from Mr. Knowles of the Daily Star, and the other on Humour by the imitable Gregory Clarke. Frederick Allen, editor of Varsity, seemed to have recovered from his ducking in the pool, and spoke briefly on paper layout.

Descriptions of all the speeches would only bore. Suffice it to say that we received a thousand and one new ideas for our journals, some of which you see embodied before you.

Friday afternoon, after the session, we went through MacLean Publishing House, seeing how the magazine is made. The assembling room for the books was perhaps the most interesting of all the departments. With lightning speed the different pages are arranged in proper order, fastened in place, and cut even. Then they are ready to be stamped for the mail. Each of us was given a copy of the Thanksgiving MacLean's, fresh from the press.

A trip through the Chatelaine Institute kitchen and dining room was entrancing to future homemakers, and afternoon tea was delightful to all of us, potential housekeepers or no.

Friday night was the time of a magnificent banquet, in the Arts and Letters Club. It was the high light of the occasion, for such men as Charles G. D. Roberts, Arthur Lismer, and Doctor Hardy were present.

On Saturday afternoon we separated, and some went to the Rugby game while the others saw Street Scene, the Pulitzer Prize Play, at the Royal Alexandra.

The greatest thing about the whole meeting was the formation of new friendships. Everything was most informal, and links of affection were firmly welded between us. They will live when the speeches and speakers and sights of the Convocation are forgotten.



Commencement

THE auditorium of the School was well filled on the night of Dec. 5th, to witness the annual commencement exercises. An interesting feature of this event was the fact that it was broadcast directly from the stage of the Assembly Hall, permitting more than those parents and friends directly interested to participate in the ultimate success of those graduating.

Medals and prizes were presented to the efficient in each particular department of the school, and to those who had shown particular brilliance in languages. The monotony of presentations was effectually broken by very nicely rendered solos, both on the violin and saxaphone, by talented members of the orchestra. The Glee Club which plays an important part in the school's activities, made its first public appearance this season, singing a very

charming chorus, which was highly appreciated.

Following this, the graduates received their hard-earned diplomas. Both the Vocational and Collegiate departments of the school were represented in the Valedictory address. In former years both graduating classes were represented by one orator, usually selected from the Collegiate department. This, however, was felt to be unfair by the Vocational department, with the result that this year a boy from each was chosen, and this added greatly to the programme.

Jack Dawson interpreted the feelings and expectations of the Collegiate department in a sincere and well-worded address; and Ray Hodgins in a cleverly compiled speech gave the outgoing graduates a word of advice and exhortation.

Rugby Dance

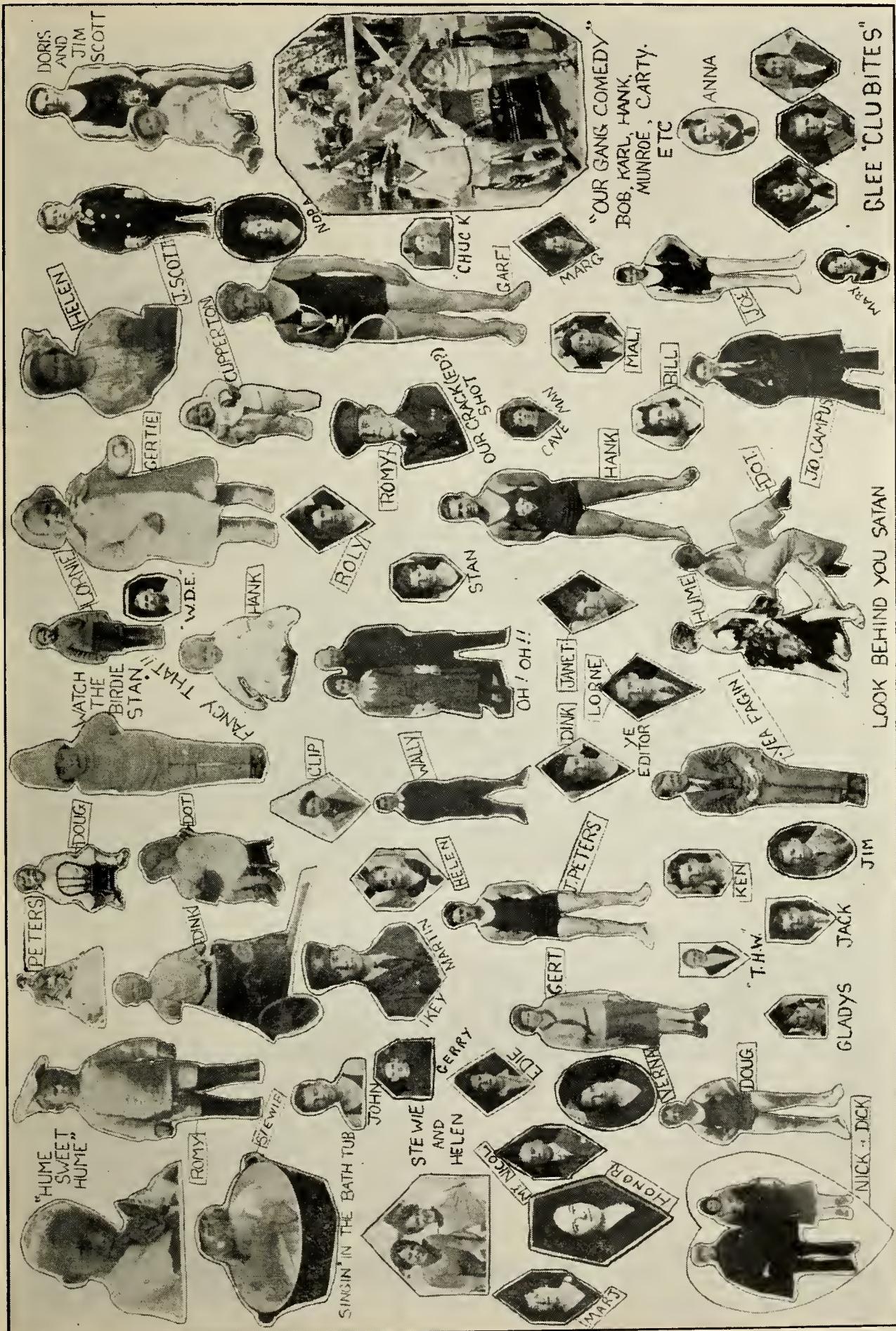
A Season of spectacular rugby was closed fittingly with a brilliant and successful Rugby Dance. The music was played by Jack Baird and his Joy Boys, and a happy group of some two hundred guests of the Rugby Club danced to his rythmic selections. In perfect harmony with the dancers were the gay and

cleverly designed decorations of the school gymnasium. A tasty mid-dance lunch was served in the lunch rooms. After four hours filled with pleasing entertainment the happy dancers dispersed. The Rugby Club is to be congratulated on its achievements, sporting and social.

Physical Training Exhibition

THE main gymnasium was filled to capacity on both nights of the School's Physical Training Exhibition. This is the time when every student in the school can take part in a program arranged to synopsize the work of the two Physical Education teachers for the year. Last year, as in former years, the performance was of sterling quality, in itself a proof of the splendid training along physical development open for stu-

dents at the Collegiate. Each form of girls and boys was represented in calisthenics, dances, dumb-bell drills and wand drills, all these items being of special interest to outsiders. The girls' and boys' gym. teams performed their difficult feats in gymnastics in excellent style. Much credit was due to Mr. Donaldson and Miss Duggan for their fine work in training the participants to attain so high a standard.





If Ambitions Come True

A very improbable fiction in 1965

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Right Honorable Mort Smith..Premier	
The Honorable Hume Wilkins.....	Speaker of the House
The Honorable Garfield Lorriman..	Leader of the Opposition
The Honorable Dink Dando.....	Minister of National Defence
The Honorable Laurence Snelgrove	
	Minister without Portfolio
The Honorable Rolly Roelofson.....	
	Minister of Finance
Mr. Bud Brown	Stewards
Mr. George Hipel	
Mr. John Dawson.....	Honorable Dando's Secretary

SCENE

In the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa,
in the year 1965 A.D.

IF AMBITIONS COME TRUE

ACT I

Scene 1.—The Honorable Dando's private office.

Enter all of the Cast except Mr. John Dawson.

On the walls of the room are numerous pictures one of which shows Dando in the uniform of a Battalion Commander (or any other name) of the Cadets of the Galt Collegiate Institute in Galt back in '31. Other decorations such as ancient makes of swords and axes, numerous makes of guns, etc., are very much in evidence probably because of his office as Minister of National Defence.

Hon. Dando—"Brown, are there any of those pesky reporters at the door?

Brown (once M.B.P.)—"No, your Hon-
or."

Hon. Dando—"Hipel, send in Dawson
my Secretary."

Hipel (also once M.B.P.)—"Very well,
sir."

Hon. Dando—"Then you two may go."
(Exeunt Hipel and Brown, bowing).

Right Hon. Smith—"To look back on the past when I wrote a column called the G. C. I. Reporter at collegiate, while now I write speeches which are heard by half a nation and read by the other half. I used to roll my own cigarettes when the economic situation was bad while now I smoke 50c. perfectos."

Hon. Roelofson—"In truth, your honor, well can I remember when I bucked the line for the honor of G.C.I. Did I ever imagine having to push my way through crowds who cheered me?"

Hon. Dando—"Well spoken, gentlemen, and did I, when I led a bunch of Cadets in khaki and yelled, 'Battalion 'shun' did I, gentlemen, ever give a passing glance at the thought of representing the militia of a nation?"

Hon. Wilkins—"Yes, yes, gentlemen, do you suppose that as I aimed my oratorical inclinations at the students and staff of the G.C.I. back in '30 and '31, at Literary Society meetings, do you suppose I ever pictured myself as the Speaker of the House of Commons in the Dominion."

Hon. Snelgrove—"Truly, truly respected sirs, but in past years as I pole vaulted at the Annual Sports Day at the G.C.I. did I ever think of hurdling a table and shaking my fist before an opponent in the House, and then deliver a convincing speech. No, gentlemen that was beyond my furthest expectation."

Hon. Lorriman—"When captaining a junior rugby team against the invaders for the spirit of G.C.I. it was beyond my most fantastic dream to ever even to think of becoming even the leader of the Opposition in the House of Parliament."

Right Hon. Smith—"Gentlemen, this meeting is adjourned, but it appears that in however small a measure, history is repeating itself. (Exeunt).

ROBERT HILBORN.



Cadet Inspection

MAY 9th. A spectacle of precision and training was presented on the spacious campus of the Galt Collegiate when the Cadet Corps of this Institute turned out for their Annual Inspection. Each unit carried out its part of the ceremony giving proof of careful drilling by Mr. Donaldson, the teacher in charge of cadet and physical training. Major Jeffery, of Military District No. 2, was the visiting officer. Many local and visiting military men were guests of the Cadet Corps. The march past and general salute under the command of Major MacIntosh, were carried out in

excellent military style. Company and platoon drill followed the inspection of the entire corps, and having completed this, the corps quitted their tunics and formed to put on a snappy display of physical exercises and games meant to excite alertness and precision. Besides its perfect execution of military ceremonials and manoeuvres, the corps displayed a pleasing sight in their khaki uniforms surmounted by scarlet epaulets against the noble background of the handsome Collegiate building. The entire scene was proof of a splendid effort to make the boy of to-day a real man of to-morrow.



Banquet

FOLLOWING their splendid display on the campus, the officers and boys of the Cadet Corps were handsomely rewarded with a banquet prepared by a (charming) group of girls of the Collegiate, under the supervision of Miss Wigham. Having partaken of a full course of tasty food, next in order we enjoyed toasts and speeches by Cadet officers and guests. The inspecting officer, Major Jeffery extended his hearty congratulations to the boys on their fine showing in the afternoon. It was also his pleasure

to present medals won by members of the Corps during the past season for marksmanship.

Present were the visiting military officers and members of the Board of Education. All guest speakers were generous in their praise for the work of the Corps. This banquet was a fitting close to a thoroughly successful afternoon.

P.S.—Who snatched the dozen and a half spoons missing on checking up after the spread?

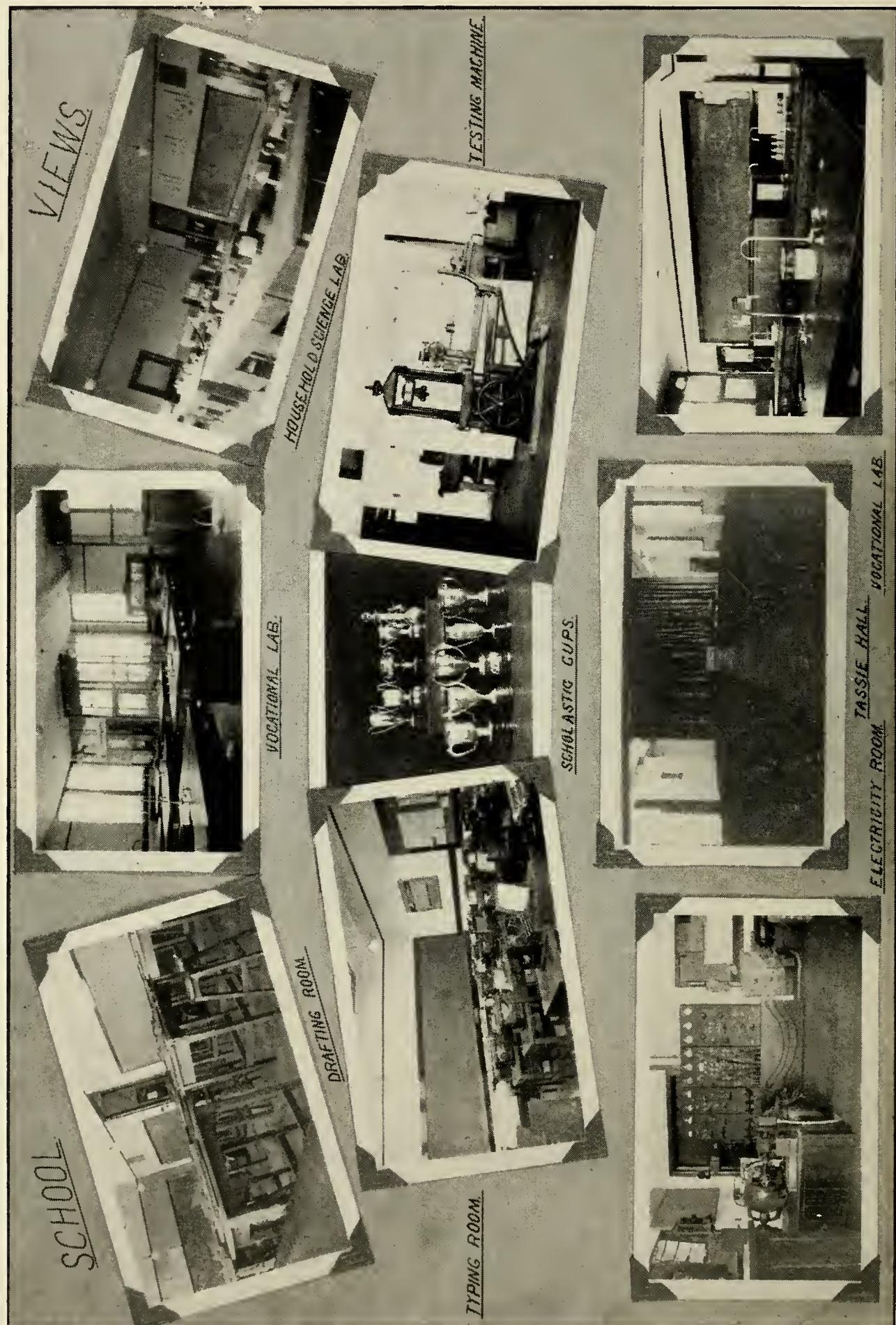


Cadet Dance

MAY the 9th was a big day for the Collegiate—a day filled with colorful spectacles. First the inspection carried on to the tunes of the Bugle Band; next the banquet accompanied by the tuneful strains of a hungry bunch of boys partaking of a resplendent repast and then the music of the Dance, the crowning feature to a splendid day's activity. And what a pleasant feature it was! Tim. Eaton and his Music Makers provided a

rhythmic program of dance music for some two hundred guests of the Cadet Corps. The thoughts of "form fours" and "right turn" were forgotten and wafted away in the notes of "Sing you Sinners."

Need it be said everyone enjoyed himself. This closing part of a full day's program was a huge success and remains as a pleasant memory of the end of a perfect day.





Tensile Testing Machine Received by School

A NEW piece of apparatus has been donated to the school to further the study of Mechanics among our budding engineers. There are only two such machines in Western Ontario, the other being at the University of Toronto.

In this machine between the two large jaws a piece of steel is gripped and by a system of gears and levers a leverage of 350 to 1 is obtained and the steel is gradually pulled apart and broken.

The force that is required is measured on the scale beam by a sliding weight, and the machine will stand and pull 20,000

lbs. or will break a piece of steel $\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter.

During the war the Goldie-McCulloch Co. used this machine very extensively for testing the strength of steel used in the making of shells and ammunition material. We are very fortunate in being the recipients of this rare piece of apparatus, and here we wish to offer our thanks to the Goldie-McCulloch Co., who have once again shown their interest in our school.

A picture of this machine may be seen on the group of "School Views."



Literary Society Meetings

THE Literary Society has been very active during the past year in preparing novel and interesting programmes for the pupils' entertainment. The pupils themselves responded nobly to the urgent and often pitifully frantic appeals of the officers for co-operation, and the display of talent—if such it can be termed.

The latest venture, advocated by this estimable society, is a public speaking contest—of course they don't buy the prizes, but . . . It's not so naïve and guileless as it sounds either. Only boys possessing the power of thinking quickly, and expressing their ideas adequately, are eligible and there must be at least twelve of these. Naturally, that is only a minor detail! The subjects will be distributed to the contestants at the meeting at which they are to speak, which should make matters more or less exciting—at least for the audience.

The first Literary meeting was a revelation—all except two of the officers turned out to be boys—well really! But they did deliver such convincing speeches, depreciating their virtues, and exaggerating their unworthiness, etc., etc., that we were moved by their touching humility. Me-thinks their demeanour belies such words—notice the smug complacence of the pictured "Literary Society." To keep the officers, who had not already thanked their supporters, in a pleasing state of nerves, this programme was filled with instrumental renditions, and a beautifully performed Oriental dance.

We personally think the less said about the second meeting the better, but uncongenial tasks have a habit of demanding

attention. You have guessed it! The programme dealt with the Collegiate Department's play. In the manner of the usual dyspeptic reviewer we continue:

The plot of the play, entitled "Three Pills in a Bottle," centered about the rather drab existence of a little sick boy—and in depicting this part, there was great scope for pathos, sincerity, and the touching, trusting element ever present in the very young or weak. His mother, a poor destitute widow, was obliged to go out "by the day," leaving the small child to his own vagaries of imagination. The friends he has made in his loneliness, each appear on the stage and talk to him in the person of a wealthy business man on his way to the great metropolis which is his world; a sunny, optimistic scissors grinder; and a slatternly good-natured washer-woman.

As each exits, professing himself too busy to play, his own spirit enters after him to entertain the amazed child. Of course the spirit depicts the innermost hopes and aspirations of his master, which lends a mystic and supernatural air to the whole play. Tragedy is introduced when each of the three spirits develop certain indispositions which one of the three pills will cure. The little child possesses only these three pills, which he has been told will restore him to health and strength, and, hard as it is for him to sacrifice such a hope, he nevertheless gives them away—gives away the product of many weeks' heart-breaking labour, and privation on the part of his brave mother. Yet, at the end, the miserly business man, seeing the widow's dire distress,



buys the much needed medical attention necessary for the boy.

An allegory such as this might not appeal to the average student body, which seeks to be amused rather than elevated, but on the whole it was very well received, due, in part, to the excellent direction by Mr. Hale, and the splendid co-operation of the cast.

Descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, at the next meeting we witnessed one of those jolly old spelling matches—you know, the sort that used to inspire us to nights of frenzied study in public school days, so very long ago? Those who proved adept in this particular type of sport—or what have you—were chosen from each form, and all gathered on the stage of the Assembly Hall, when the great event had finally arrived.

Mr. McKee bombarded the eager warriors with words both obsolete and obstinate, which gradually put to flight all but the victor, who stood “bloody but unbowed”—a first former as you have probably surmised.

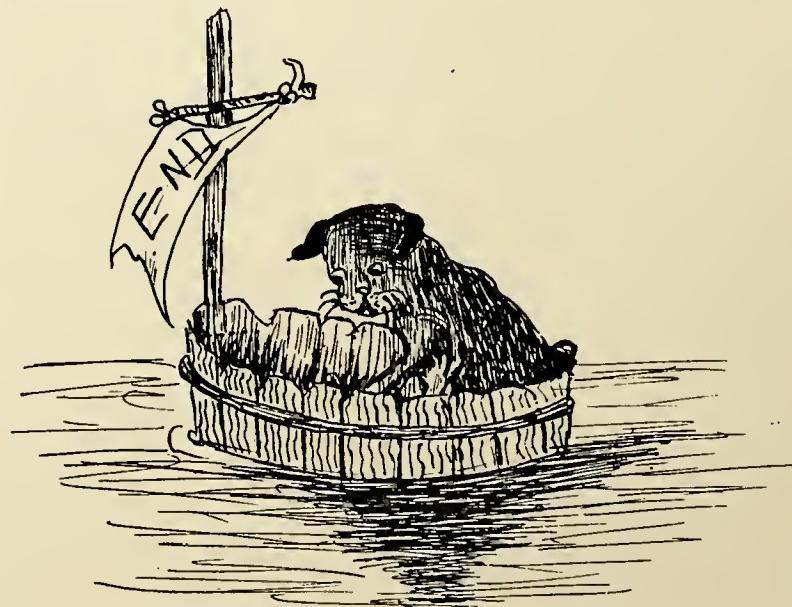
“The Green Diamond,” a clever and thrilling play written by Mr. Elton of the Technical Department, and directed by Mr. Stewart, was the second play presented under the auspices of the Literary Society. To say that this play met with instant success from its enthusiastic audience, is putting it mildly—in fact, if we may presume, we think that Mr. Elton has out-Edgared good old Edgar Wallace himself.

This story which progresses swiftly from one dramatic episode to another, takes place in a long-deserted Manor on the sea-coast of England.

It is concerned with the finding of a

hidden diamond taken from the eye of a Chinese idol; consequently it inflicted a deadly curse on those possessing it other than the legitimate owners, the Chinese. Into the room are brought, in order, a wicked, degenerate villain of a sea-captain with all the earmarks of his calling, including a wooden leg and an iron hook; the young gentleman of noble blood upon whose family the curse has fastened, and his fiancee; a Chinaman who has been sent by his master to secure the jewel; and of course, the inevitable detective from Scotland Yard. All are seeking the fatal diamond which, for three generations, has caused death to all males, before their thirtieth birthday, of this particular English family. Murders have been committed and vengeance wrought, and there is no hope of peace and safety until the ill-omened stone is finally returned to China!

The stage setting and eerie lighting effect during this play, the introduction of sudden noises and difficult situations, all added to the mysterious atmosphere of the drama unfolded before our fascinated eyes to the accompaniment of those hairbreadth escapes as the panel above the fire-place slowly swung open to reveal a sinister black claw stretching towards the hero, who, in spite of urgent and frantic appeal, flung from the hysterical audience, remained so unaware of danger. And when that weird black bat floated through the room, our hearts stopped beating. But, of course, the villain was captured by the wily detective, the diamond magnanimously presented to the Chinese representative, and the young Englishman and his beloved are permitted to live happily ever after, having no fear of the horrible fate which had threatened them.





MUSIC and DRAMA

DR

"Music is the universal language of all mankind."

Paderewski

By MARDELL PRATT

THE most memorable musical event in Canada during the waning days of 1930 was the celebration by Ignaz Jan Paderewski, of his seventieth birthday, in the form of a recital at Massey Hall, Toronto. Toronto has thus been the scene of two memorable occasions in the life of the great pianist, for it was in this city during the autumn of 1922 that he returned to the concert stage, after his adventure in Polish politics.

In Goethe's words, "one must be able to command poetry:" one must have mind and soul, as well as a supple wrist and pliable fingers, if he would reach the heart of listeners through the keyboard. And Paderewski meets this demand, for all who heard his recital declared that he played better than in the previous thirty-eight years of his career, regardless of his advancing age.

Paderewski is and has been for many decades the foremost of living Poles in any vocation. He was born at Krulovka, Russian Poland, in 1860. He attributes his talent to his mother, who was musical, and started him playing, when he was only three. His father, for some political offence, had suffered six years' imprisonment in Siberia. He received his early training at the Warsaw Conservatoire, and after six years, when the Conservatoire had done all it could for him, he was elected professor at the institution. Later he joined the staff of the Strassburg Conservatoire.

He revealed exceptional talent and ambition, and wishing to become a virtuoso he placed himself under the tuition of Theodor Leschetitzky, of Vienna.

Paderewski made his début in 1887 before the critical public of Vienna. At once he was acclaimed one of the most remarkable pianists of the day; and from that time onward his career has been a succession of triumphs. The following year he played in Paris. The beginning

of his international fame may be said to date from his first appearance in London, in the early summer of 1890. English critics at once proclaimed him a genius. Their laudations were the open sesame to the profitable field of America. After his sensational success in New York in the Autumn of 1891, he became a world figure. In addition to striking individuality and ripe musicianship, he is strongly emotional, and possesses that curiously indefinable thing we call magnetism, which never fails to enchain the attention of the public. His flying aureole of silken hair is in itself an asset. But though the public laughed at jokes about his hair, every lover of beautiful interpretation gloried in his playing, and his "Minuet" became as popular as the "Stein Song" is to-day.

During the season or two which preceded the war, he was a victim of neurosis. His playing became rather faulty, and he often felt impelled to cancel engagements. When the war broke out he absolutely abandoned music and threw himself passionately into the cause of restoring the national autonomy of Poland. He gave away a vast fortune in furthering his aims and succeeded in securing recognition of Polish demands in the Treaty of Versailles. As a reward he was made first President of the revived nation, but soon had to admit defeat. In 1920 he left Warsaw, a sick and ruined man, heavily in debt, the victim of an attempted murder. Through the generosity of American friends he lived in California until his health was restored. In 1922 he returned to the concert stage. At Massey Hall, where he made his return, he received an ovation that in Toronto had never been equalled for enthusiasm.



In 1929 he was overtaken by illness again, in Switzerland, and for a time his life was despaired of, but his old ability to "come back" was demonstrated by an absolutely superb recital on his seventieth

birthday.

Paderewski has done some notable things in composition, but it is as the virtuoso pianist that he will ever be remembered.



THE G. C. I. and V. S. ORCHESTRA

Front Row—Margaret Dell, Marion Steen, Theodolph Little, Chesterman St. Clair, Helen Fisher, Evelyn Porter.

Middle Row—Adam Bendus, William Maddock, Radford Shea, Robert Burchill, Fred Stewart, Lorne Bowey, George Liscombe.

Third Row—Stanley Taylor, Jack Stubbs, Lloyd Arnold, Munroe Fraser, Albert Bendus.

A Résumé of the Orchestra

By MARDELL PRATT

THE Galt Collegiate Orchestra, under the capable direction of Mr. Nicol, A.C.C.O., are indeed to be congratulated on their progress this year. Their appearance in assembly for the first time in the new term was a very pleasant surprise to the new pupils and an anticipated pleasure for the older ones. Since then they have continued to play at every Monday morning assembly.

On November 7th, the orchestra broadcast a skilfully arranged program of widely diversified selections from Tassie Hall, and a great number of people who listened in were agreeably surprised at the talent displayed. Their presence at the Armistice Day Memorial Service added greatly to the solemnity and dignity of

the service.

The Orchestra assisted at the Commencement Exercises and the several numbers given were heartily received. It has also played a very important part in all the meetings of the Literary Society, where it has always been persistently encored. At every ensuing appearance the orchestra prove that they are getting stronger and better every day.

The Orchestra has kindly consented to take part in the presentation of "All at Sea." Much of the success of last year's operetta was due to their untiring efforts so this year we are relying on them to keep up their good reputation. May we add our compliments for their co-operation, and hope for their continued success.



The History of Music

By GLADYS WILDMAN

SINCE the human voice is older than any instrument the first music was, of course, vocal.

Some of the least civilized tribes of which we have any knowledge, whose language is the least developed, have rude songs or chants to express their emotions. These are not exactly what we would call music as, in order to be so, they would have to be rhythmic and have a regularly graduated pitch. However, it is from these chants that the musicians formed their works.

All nations, which have the least culture, have definite melodies and instruments with which to play these melodies. The fables, which we read of ancient times, tell us of the charm over beasts and trees and stones possessed by Orpheus, of Pan and his pipes, and of Apollo's lyre.

Probably the first idea of a wind instrument was suggested by the wind whistling through the broken reeds. A person would not need to be very clever to notice that the shorter reeds gave a higher pitch, and what would be simpler than to bind several reeds of different lengths together, graduated so as to produce a musical scale? Pan's pipes were just such an instrument and from them originated the modern pipe organ.

Tradition says that Mercury finding

that fine strips of dried skin stretched over a tortoise shell produced a musical sound, took this as a model for the first stringed instrument, the lyre. However, it is more probable that it originated in the following way:

When the poets recounted the great deeds of the heroes of the battle, the warriors in their excitement plucked the string of their bows to show their approval. Some one noticed that the difference in length and tightness gave the sound a different pitch. From this fact, they likely derived the lyre.

In the Greek drama, the language was sung or intoned, not spoken. The roofless theatres were enormous, seating thousands of persons and so, it would have been impossible to hear the actors. The latter often used masks with brass mouth pieces to help carry the sound.

It seems impossible to believe that with their keen artistic sense, the Greeks did not appreciate their music more. This music can be understood only in connection with poetry for which it was originally intended.

Both the Greeks and the Hebrews derived their musical art from the Egyptians, and it is from their rough instruments and original music that we get our own instruments, from which we take our ideas of rhythm and melody.



"All at Sea"

THE presentation of the operetta, "All at Sea," by the Glee Club and Orchestra of the G.C.I., under the direction of Mr. J. L. Nicol, A.C.C.O., proved to be a great success in every way. Loud were the praises given to the whole cast and especially to those who so ably took the more important parts.

"All at Sea" is a two act operetta, and as the name signifies, deals with the "nautical" side of life. The good ship, H.M.S. Pinafore, has set out on an expedition to capture the Pirates of Penzance. On board, through the hospitality of Captain Corcoran (John Thompson), and his daughter Josephine (Elva Haisell),

is a large party of guests including the Lord Chancellor (Garf. Lorriman), Mabel (Alice Iredale), and Patience (Marjorie Spencer), who are friends of Josephine; Phyllis (Elsie Elston), and Strephon (S. Eccles), a married couple, noted in politics; a well-known poet, Grosvenor (Stan. Lorriman), and the Fairy Queen (Mardell Pratt) with her four attending sprites. Most important of all is the Mikado of Japan (Bruce Buchanan), who is studying the manners and customs of the Europeans. He has with him Pooh-Bah (David Smith); Koko, who is a Lord High Executioner (Tom Stuart), and his three wards. By a mistake on the Captain's part, Sir Joseph Porter (Wendell Cartwright), is



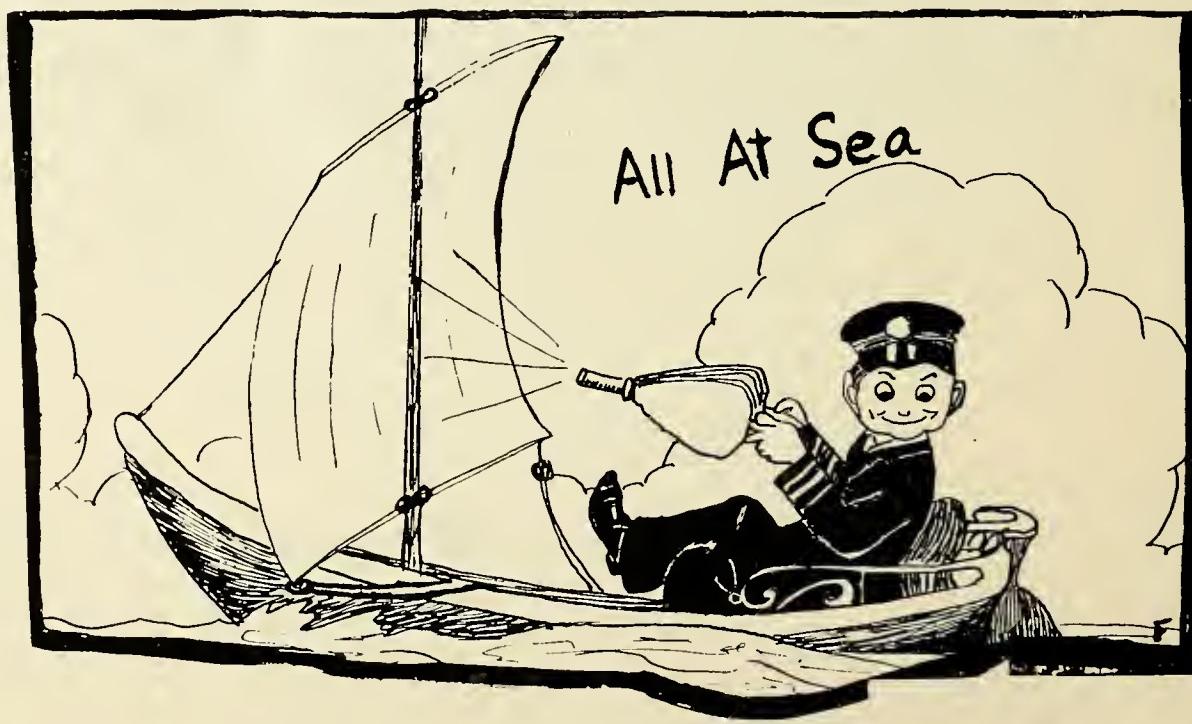
left behind, but this First Lord of the Admiralty soon overtakes the ship in his official barge and comes on board with his Sisters, Cousins and Aunts.

When night comes all retire except the Police Sergeant (Harold Dando), and his gallant force, who are to remain on guard. It presently appears that the Pirates have chosen this very night to attack the ship and they soon come swarming over the side, taking the Police by surprise. The latter yield to the superior numbers and the Captain with the others hastily comes on deck, to find the ship in the hands of the enemy. The Pirate King (Hume Wilkins), however, proves to be of reasonable disposition and suggests nothing more alarming than ransom for the more distinguished members of the party and a matrimonial alliance between his pirate band and such eligible young ladies as happen to be present. Matters having been brought to this point, all retire again for the night, and this time remain undisturbed.

King. Whereupon the Mikado with great good feeling, offers the professional services of his Lord High Executioner, Koko, who is sent for at once. But here again are difficulties. Koko, when he learns all the facts, declines to take any official action on grounds which are unassailable and all are in despair until the Captain suddenly remembers the Fairy Queen! She promptly appears and solves the whole difficulty, in a perfectly reasonable manner, to the satisfaction of everyone, including the Pirates, and all is well.

As a whole, we had no idea that we had such musical talent in the school. The choruses were splendid, and the different parts were well distributed and very ably acted. To put the finishing touch to the operetta the orchestra did their part by providing the music and accompanying the singers.

Much of the success of the operetta was due to the untiring efforts of our Principal, Mr. Wholton, who gave freely



When morning breaks the Captain, Lord Chancellor and Sir Joseph call a conference of prisoners to devise ways and means to extricate themselves from their difficult situation. Both the Lord Chancellor and the Mikado suggest plans but they are frustrated by the Pirate

of his time and experience, making "All at Sea" an operetta of which the school could be justly proud. Mr. J. L. Nicol, who conducted the musical score, is indeed to be congratulated on the results he has obtained.



GLEE CLUB EXECUTIVE

Front Row—T. H. Wholton, M.A.; Mary Stuart, Hope Thompson, Mardell Pratt, Mr. J. L. Nicol, A.C.C.O.

Back Row—Garfield Lorriman, Alice Iredale, Dorothy Healy, Dorothy French, Alice Mary Way, Hume Wilkins.



Glimmers from Glee Club

By V. H. TAYLOR, 4a

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN?

A shepherd, disguised as member of Parliament. When last seen was wearing cut-away coat and chimney pot hat. Believed to be despondent over his recent defeat at the polls by his wife Phyllis. Any knowledge of the same would be gratefully received by aforesaid Phyllis and a personal appearance at practice is especially requested.

AND HOW!

Perhaps you are inclined to believe that Stan. Lorriman is not an enthusiastic lover but one has only to see him at Glee Club when he is feeling particularly spry and watch him dance in across the centre aisle and advance toward the platform with very becoming mincing steps. Then one feels he has met the latest Romeo or Valentino.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Wendell Cartwright is absolutely afraid to set out to sea without "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts?" It's a fact.—That Bootes has a secret haunt behind the curtain on the rear left-hand corner of the stage? We wonder what the attraction is.—That Weiler has almost decided to go on the screen as a second Charlie Chaplin? Accompanied by Brian, of course.—That John Thompson's latest hobby is carrying a man-sized button hook? "Madame your instep is much too beautiful to be spoiled by a short vamp shoe." (Borrowed from Harold Lloyd's *Feet First*)—That Elva Haisell gets the thrill of a life-time saying "Yes, papa," "Of course, papa," etc., to John Thompson? Deary me what next?—That Elsie Elston's only objection to her solo is that, while it mentions heroes and idols, songs and sunrises, it contains no mention of



moonlight? What a shame!—That Wilkins is quite content to be the big toad in the little puddle? He says "I'll live and die a Pirate King," even though he can't settle his disputes with legal aid.—That Mardie Pratt is fairy queen and has nothing to do? Hold your heads with both hands, everybody, and watch your step! She might be industrious, not to say dangerous.—That the midshipmite, though small, can produce as much sound, for his size, as anyone we know. Needless

to say this excludes those fifth-form sopranos who stand, when they aren't sitting, in the back row during practice—That Hope Thompson says some one in the back row of the sopranos consistently sings out of tune? Incidentally that is Hope's own, exact location. I wonder?—That the crew is Scotch? At any rate the boys come from Galt and they seem very reluctant to say "We'll buy" when little Buttercup sings them such a sweet song. Oh, my! 'Nuff said.

Lucia Di Lammermoor—Opera

Music by Donizetti. Words by Cammarano.

LUCIA'S tenor solo, sextet, and its flute obligato gave the cognascenti something deserving of their enthusiasm when it was played at Naples, London and New York. Although it is a chronicle of gloom, in the part of Lucia there is an irresistible vocal display and this helps the opera to retain its place in the repertory.

The action is supposed to take place in Scotland just at the close of the 17th century, but it has scant relation to place or period.

ACT I

In the opening scene, we gather that there is an ancient feud between two noble families—that Enrico, who is in difficulties, ascribes all his bad luck to Edgardo, whom he hates accordingly. In order to repair his fallen fortunes, Enrico has arranged to give his sister Lucia in marriage to the wealthy Arturo, before consulting her, and is furious on learning from his retainers, Normanno, and Raimondo, that she has already given her heart to the hated Edgardo.

Scene II shows us the moonlit garden, and the fountain where Lucia is waiting for her lover. Lucia relates in an elaborate solo on the harp how she had lately seen a spectral form appear beside the fountain, which had run with blood—an evil omen. Then Edgardo enters only to tell her that they must part at once—he leaves for France that night; in a long duet, they plight their solemn troth and say farewell.

ACT II

The wicked Enrico forges letters from Edgardo to Lucia showing her that her lover has been faithless to his vows. Enrico works upon unhappy Lucia's heart until she consents to marry Arturo. Arturo arrives, the guests assemble, the marriage contract is produced and Lucia

has just signed it when Edgardo makes a dramatic entry—too late.—

All are paralysed for the moment. "Edgardo! Oh thunderbolt!" is Lucia's strange remark, and the great sextet "Chi mi frena?" begins.

The music throws little light upon the situation, but from the words we gather that Lucia's stony despair admits not even the relief of tears, that Edgardo is torn between love and a desire for revenge, while Enrico is a prey to late remorse—Normanno, Raimondo and Alisa (Lucia's confidante) serve merely to fill in the harmonies.

Edgardo, realizing the hopelessness of his case, flings his engagement ring at Lucia's feet and demands his own in return; then he requests to be butchered in order that Lucia may have the pleasure of trampling on his bloody corpse on her way to the altar with Arturo.

ACT III

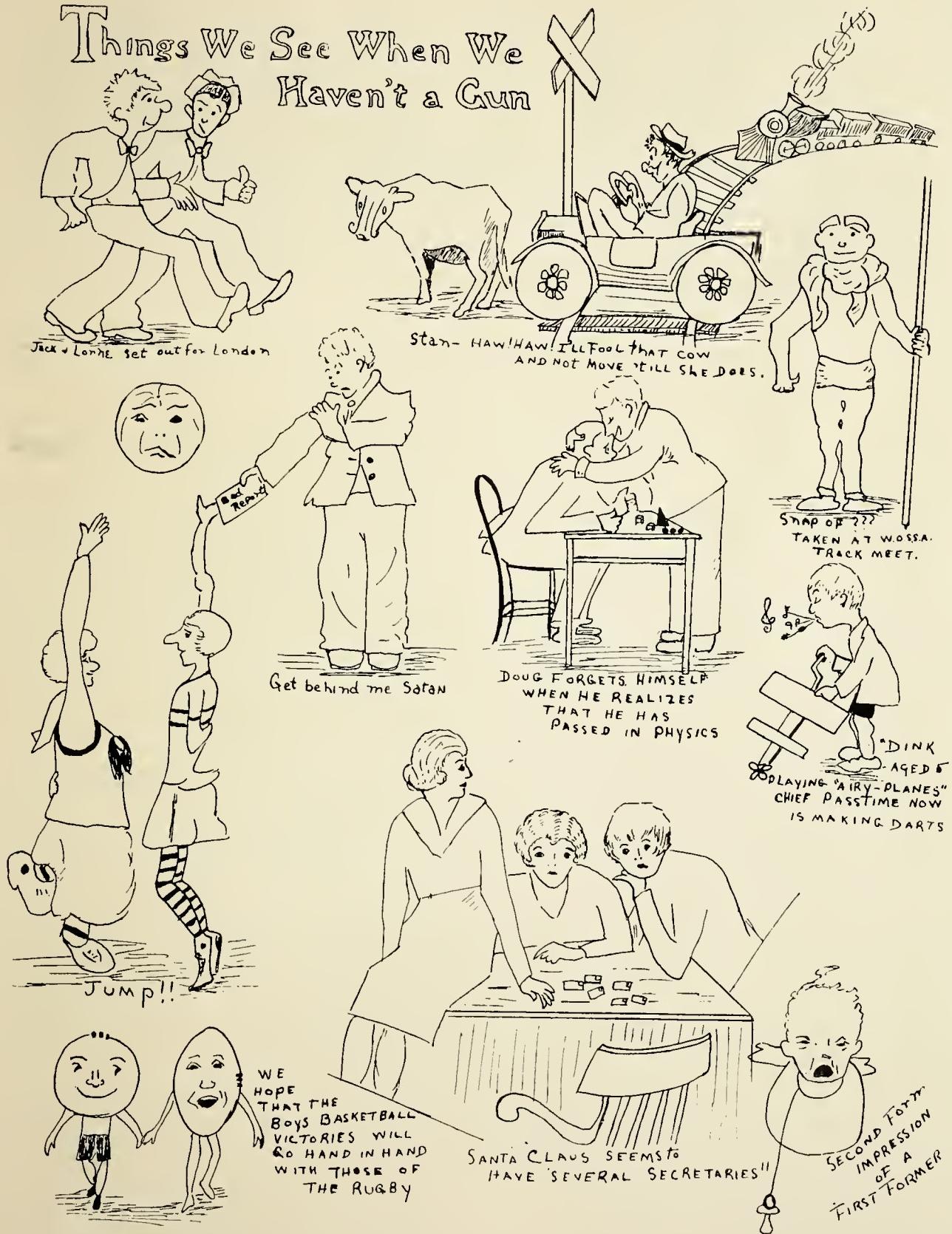
Edgardo and Enrico arrange to fight a duel among the tombs of Edgardo's ancestors. A jubilant chorus of retainers is interrupted by Raimondo who breaks the awful news Lucia's reason has given way and she has murdered Arturo in their bridal chamber. Then comes Lucia's "Mad Scene." She imagines the moonlight garden scene, and that she is married to Edgardo and the life that is henceforth a heaven on earth. But when Edgardo stands before her in fancy, she remembers what happened in reality, and when, still in fancy, Edgardo will not forgive her, she dies broken-hearted.

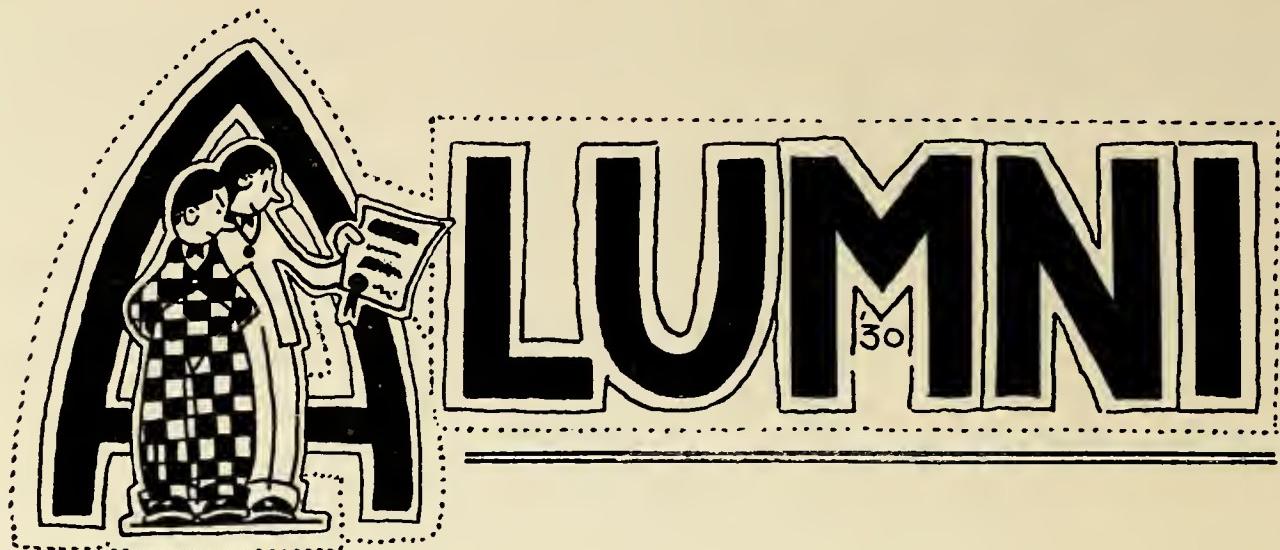
Edgardo in reality comes to the tombs of his ancestors to fight the duel, but impatient to join his beloved, he puts an end to his own existence (*Fra paco-a me ricovero*).

BETTY MacKENZIE, 3a.



Things We See When We Haven't a Gun





"I am called away by particular business, but I leave my character behind me."

THE question arises in everyone's mind as to what the graduate students of this school are doing. The Alumni of this issue of the Specula Galtonia gives the names of most of the last year graduates of the Galt Collegiate, and the vocations they are following.

LILLIAN Y. SNIDER, B.A.—Our last year's energetic basketball coach is teaching at the Kennedy Collegiate, Windsor. Our loss is their gain.

LILLIAN C. DUGGAN, B.A.—gave us the flip this year for London Technical School.

MRS. H. G. ROBINSON—formerly of the Commercial Department, is now making her home in Toronto.

MRS. C. E. KNOWLES—formerly of the Home Economics Department, now receives her mail at 288 Main St.

W. D. E. DONALDSON, B.S.A.—is showing the boys how to shoulder their guns at the Central Collegiate in Windsor.

MR. HENDERSON—our only loss from the Technical Department, is teaching at the Hamilton Technical School.

MR. TANCOCK—is at present keeping North Toronto Collegiate on the map with their basketball team.

MR. McGIRR, MR. EWING and MR. KERR— are all teaching at the Oshawa Collegiate. Congratulations, Oshawa, on your choice of teachers.

HESTER MCKAY—is in training as a nurse at the Toronto General Hospital.

MARY WARDLAW—is in attendance at Branksome Hall, Toronto. They say that Mary is very much in love—with the Hall.

ESTHER SLOAN—saw fit to spend the next three years at the Toronto General Hospital in one great endeavour.

FRED. STALSCHMIDT—Our popular ex-school captain felt, after due consideration, that Queen's University was best for him.

AGNES MCGILL—Ackie's engaging charm will set the world afire. May she have health, wealth, and happiness.

MURIEL GLENNIE—Well, it's just too bad!—how Muriel is making those sheiks step around at the North Toronto Collegiate.

NEAL RAMSAY—is studying hard at McMaster University, Hamilton. (Oh, yeh?).

MARY WRIGHT—has had the courage of her convictions and is going to brave it out at the Toronto General Hospital.

MARGARET HEAD—is busily engaged with the typewriter at the Riverside Silk Mills.

JAMES DAVISON—decided to give up his magazine job and attend McGill University.

MILDRED McCAFFREY, JANETTA GILLESPIE, GERTRUDE WARD, ISABEL ZRYD, ALICE McLEAN and FRANCES McQUEEN, who were formerly seen around the halls, are learning the art of household science under the parental roof.



MARGARET GABBITAS—is in residence at her home in Preston for the time being. It is rumoured that the nursing vocation is infectious.

DONALD ELMSLIE—can be seen almost any time at Toronto Normal.

KEN. EKINS—aims to be a banker and is with the Montreal Bank, in Hespeler.

ELMER CASSELL—has decided to be another of those "task masters" and is at the Stratford Normal.

MOLLY SHELDON—is in Toronto continuing her studies at the University.

ELIZABETH HAYES—As far as we know Lizzy is looking forward to contagious diseases.

MARION TAIT—last year's talented girl captain and winner of many scholarships, is pursuing her studies at Toronto University.

HAROLD MIDGLEY—has not made any definite plans for the future yet and is residing at 731 Vine St., Preston.

DAVE ELLIOT and DUNC MACKINTOSH—are at present resting up for their University career next fall.

Some ex-students who intend to be teachers and studying at the Hamilton Normal are: HILDA WEBER, KATHLEEN BECKETT and RUTH SICKLE.

ASHFORD LORRIMAN—Ash. seems to be the only one of this list who is studying medicine. He is at Western University, London.

ESTHER SHELDON—may be found at the O.A.C., Guelph, planting sweet forget-me-nots. Esther was an enthusiastic member of the girls' gym. team last year.

BETTY WOOLNER—is in attendance at Toronto Normal learning how to teach nursing rhythms and play "Hide and Go Seek."

RUTH PARKS, MYRTLE PARR and JACK HENDERSON—are pounding typewriters at the Dominion Woollens and Worsteds Company, Hespeler.

ISOBEL SCOTT—is taking an Arts' Course at McMaster University, in Hamilton.

RUBY EVANS—chose nursing at the Galt Hospital as her vocation.

JACK HUDSON—formerly of Preston, may be found somewhere on Avenue Rd., in Toronto, when he isn't attending Varsity.

EOLA SCOTT—who won a scholarship last year, is now training at Hamilton General, Hamilton.

ERNEST HANDOLF—is busy tilling the soil on the old homestead.

Nurses-in-training at the Brantford General Hospital, include LORNA MACDONALD, ETHEL MILLER and MARY HAMILL.

EDGAR HUDSON—is gathering news for the Hespeler Herald.

EVA HAWKINGS—is from all accounts enjoying herself at Havergal College, Toronto.

GEORGE CHAMP—is employed at the Hi-Speed Tool Factory.

ALBERTA KEFFER—may be found at the Shaw Business College, Toronto.

STANLEY CAROTHERS—has left these parts for Detroit, where he is becoming a full-fledged grocer at the A. & P.

ELLEN CRAIG—does office work for the Bell Telephone Co., in Hespeler.

REG. McCAFFREY—one of last year's gym. team, is a freshie at Toronto University.

RHEA EVANS—is on the office staff of the Force Electric Products, of Preston.

WALTER ANDERSON—is dispensing rouge and lipstick at Campbell's drug store, in Hamilton.



The ~
END



AS the largest boys' organization in the school the Cadet Corps has once again proved itself to be also one of the most active and successful organizations taking part in school activities.

The Corps was successful in capturing second place in Military District No. 1, and thereby winning the Second Little shield. Inspection was held on May 9th, Major Jeffery being the inspecting officer. In his report, Cadet Officers' efficiency, Physical Training Ceremonial and Bugle

Band are classed as "very good," while Rank and File, and Squad, Platoon and Company Drill were "good."

As explained to us by Mr. Wholton, this is indeed a record to be proud of and in General Remarks Major Jeffery says, "A very good Cadet Corps. Efficient in all branches of training, with a high standard of discipline."

After the departure of Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Boyd took over the Cadet work and although there has been little time for



THE OFFICERS OF THE 21st CADET CORPS

Front Row—Capt. Elton, Capt. Hughes, Major Dando, Capt. Scott, 2nd C., Capt. Kemp, Mr. Boyd.
Middle Row—Drum Major Tutton, Lieut. Cartwright, Lieut. Burden, B. S. M. Roelofson, Capt. Snellgrove, Lieut. Campbell, Lieut. Wilkins, Lieut. Campbell.
Back Row—Capt. Dietrich, Capt. Dawson, Lieut. Lorriman, Lieut. Thompson, Lieut. Chapman, Lieut. Lorriman.



practice, the Corps is fairly proficient in all departments.

In the Laura Secord competition the team although not as successful as last year's team, won sixth place in the district with a score of 219 out of a possible 250. The team was composed of Major Dando, Capt. Dietrich, Lieut. Campbell, D. M. Tutton and Pte. Prestwich.

The team for the D.C.R.A. Winter Series is made up of Major Dando, Capts. Dietrich and Kemp, Lieutenants Campbell, Burden and Chapman, Drum Major Tutton, Sgt. Head, and Ptes. Coppel and Prestwich. The January and February matches have been held and the results show some fine marksmanship.

In the Imperial Challenge Shield Competition, Dando, Dietrich, Tutton and Prestwich received the rifle with star award for a score of 90 or over out of a possible 100. Martin and Campbell with scores between 85 and 90 received the rifle award.

A notable achievement of a member of the Corps is that of Drum-Major Tutton in winning the Galer Hagarty Memorial Trophy. This trophy is given for the cadet having the highest aggregate score in the D.C.R.A. and Imperial Challenge Shield competitions, and has only once before been won by a member of the local Corps, Major Alex. Robb winning it in 1927.

A church parade was held Sunday, Nov. 10th, at which a fairly large number were present.

The Corps also took part in the unveiling of the War Memorial in Queen's Square on Armistice Day. The Hon. Donald Sutherland, Minister of Militia, was present and the service was very impressive. The following day the annual Armistice service was held in Tassie Hall.

The Corps is now looking forward to the approach of better weather conditions in order to train outside in preparation for the inspection, which will probably be held some time in May.



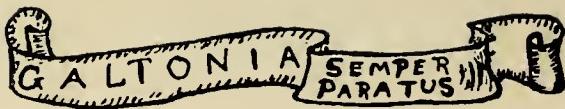
Boys' Sports

THE HAMILTON CUP CHAMPS
By The Campus Rhymster

Captain Laurence is known to fame,
Disguised beneath another name.

To us he's Lorne sans a's and c's.
He far outspeeds the swiftest breeze.

With mighty boot George sends the ball
Over the heads of one and all.



Jack, as the pilot, runs the game,
With steady head, and giant frame.

Doug. has a sharp, remarkable, eye,
For making touches on the sly.

Dink, of manly form and tall,
Folds up his length, and snaps the ball.

Two Jimmies play with might and main
Their opponents try to score, in vain.

Chuck is small, but full of vim,
A barbed-wire fence would ne'er stop him.

Dave and Gerald buck the line
With thoughts of strife internecine.

Kens. Campbell, Mills, and Shantz, you'll
see,
Increase the score tremendously.

Husky, risky, peppy Bill
Brings down his man with iron will.

While Hamill fast, and dashing Ray
Are always there to save the day.

With strong support from our Jerome,
The team e'er brings a victory home.

Congratulations, Mac old dear,
Your team's the best for many a year.
What if the floor you often stalk,
Whene'er we fail to toe the chalk,
In Latin, History, baneful Greek,
And other things in which we're weak.
Cast that aside, what's it to us?
Nought but a fig extraneous.
Three cheers for Mac, hip, hip, hurray,
To glory he has shown the way.

* * *

ENFORCING their superiority over all their opponents, the local senior gridders went through their whole season with not a loss to their discredit and with only one touchdown scored against them, according to the score book. Encountering but little difficulty they came out on top of the fight for the Hamilton Cup, definitely laying claim to it by virtue of romping home from the K.-W. hunting grounds with a 19 to 2 victory carefully tucked away and winning the group championship

for the second time in two years. With this scalp safely stowed away in the old wigwam, out went the noble hunters after a few higher heads and stepping out to meet them with heads flying high came St. Jerome's to give battle in the semi-final round in WOSSA. The local head hunters donned their regalia and went out to do or die. They did not die. 'Nough said. St. Jerome's went home trying to fix an alibi but failing to account to the pow-wow that night how it was that they came out on the short end of 12 to 11 count. It took no time for the local cannibals, oft-times called gridders, to search for better meat. And lo, in the distance their loomed that far-famed tribe of head-hunters who have swept the province from end to end many and many a time--Sarnia. But something slipped up and after one pow-wow and another over a tale since oft told it was discovered that Galt could continue no longer after scalps and must put away their hatchets for another year, since through one reason and another it was impossible for them to encounter the Western tribe. To make this up though at a "heap big conference" of the mighty chiefs of WOSSA, Galt was presented with medals announcing them as finalists in WOSSA, thus ending a season of easy scalping that will long be told to the papooses in the wigwams to encourage them in many years to come to go out and bring in a good day's hunting as their fathers of many moons ago did. But while the big hunters had good hunting the little chiefs could find nothing and in six encounters failed to replenish the pantry on any occasion after a good day's fighting, but as the saying goes, "they done themselves right noble." They fought with big hunters time and time again and proved to one and all that some day they will be able to take the places of the present big chiefs, for can they not point out that some of the big hunters when they were little chiefs, that Kitchener beat them 96-0 and now they come home with many scalps. And so the season's hunting was successful, yea more than that, it was bountiful with the bouquets





to be tossed everywhere, but here we will compliment the senior coach, Mr. MacLennan, to be known as "Mac" for space while we praise him. But no we won't praise him here, words could not bring before your eyes the full benefits of his work. Suffice to say that to him should go a big share of the captured scalps and the mere knowledge that he was responsible in turning out one of the best teams, if not the best team that the Galt Collegiate ever possessed will probably be enough for him to smoke during the long off-season without anyone trying to replenish it while he sits at ease in his wigwam and thinks of the fall of good hunting.

PERSONNEL OF THE JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Snap—"Pete" Avison.

Insides—Dick Clarke; Jack Murphy.

Middles—Ross Chapman; "Purp" Clark.

Outsides — Jimmie Tait; "Bubbles" Walker.

Quarter—"Man Eater" Buchanan.

Halves — "Cap." Lorriman; "M. P." Hipel; "Arn" Burden.

Flying Wing—John Stephenson.

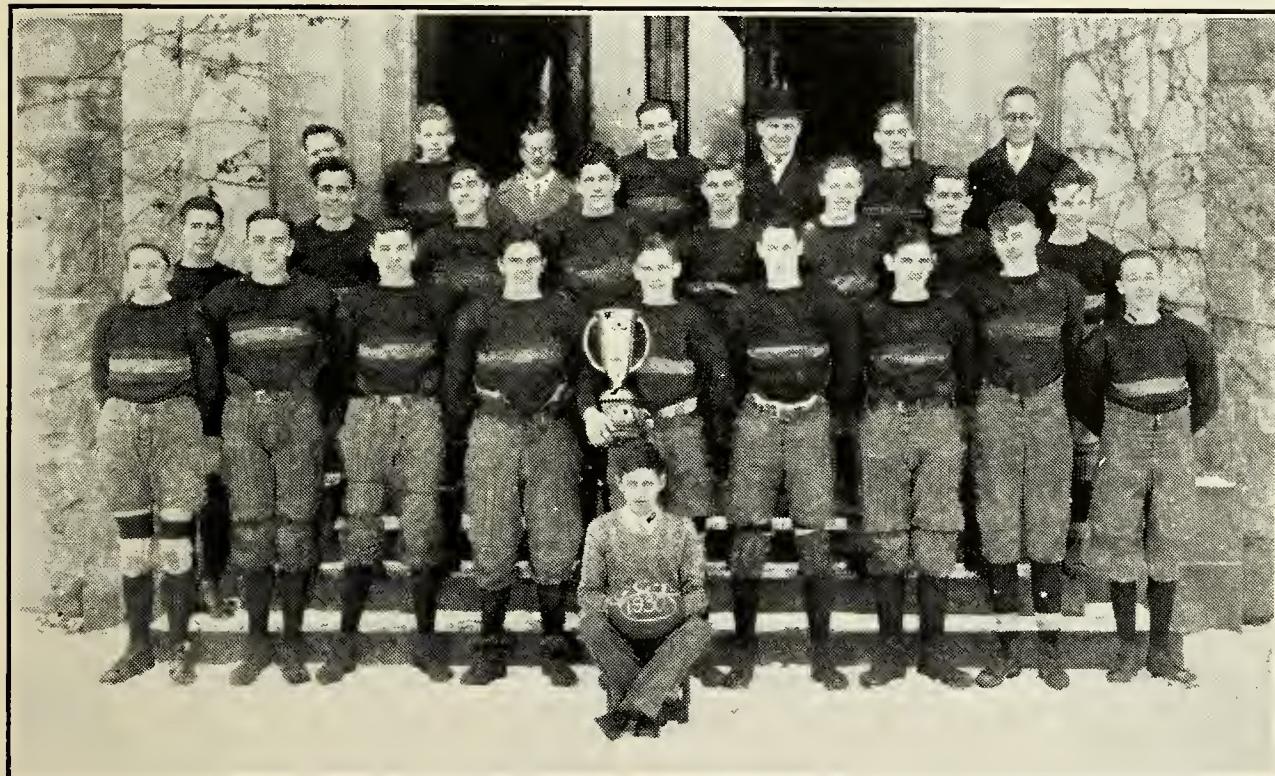
Subs.—C. Margoles; Al. Hertle; Tommy Roos; Ken. Smith; Joe. Spring.

The following are the scores of the rugby games played in the Interscholastic Rugby League. Senior scores first.

	Senior	Junior
Guelph at Galt	0-31	7-0
Galt at Brantford	13-1	11-58
K.-W. at Galt	7-29	68-0
Galt at Guelph	17-1	12-31
Galt at K.-W.	19-2	1-39
Brantford at Galt ..	1-25	30-0

W.O.S.S.A. Semi-Finals

St. Jeromes' College at Galt—11-12.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM—THE HAMILTON CHAMPIONS

Front Row—Allan, Jamieson, Mills, Oliver, Snelgrove (Capt.), Dando, Hugo, Shantz, C. Campbell.

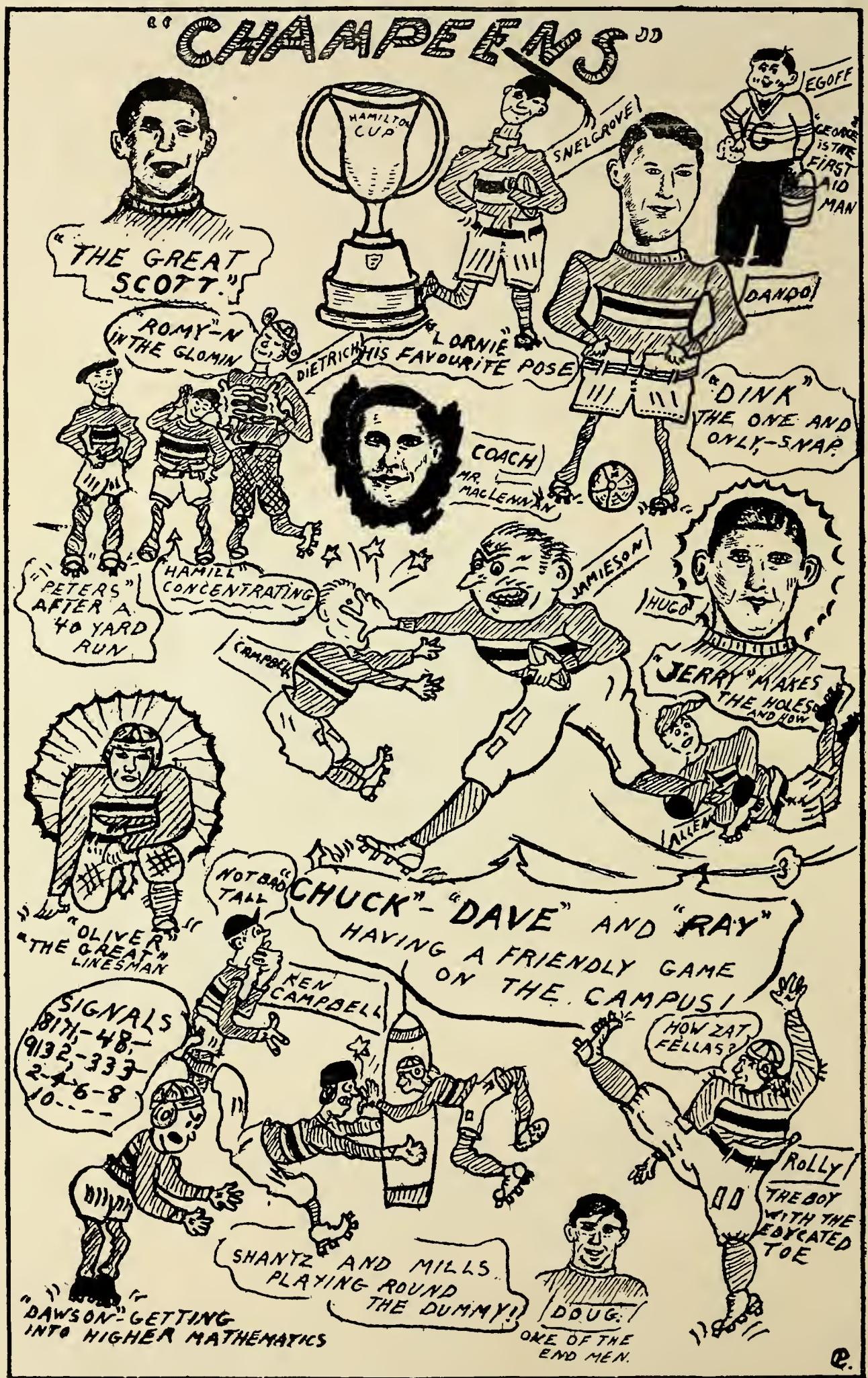
Middle Row—K. Campbell, Kemp, Peters, Roelofson, Dawson, Scott, Dietrich, Hamill.

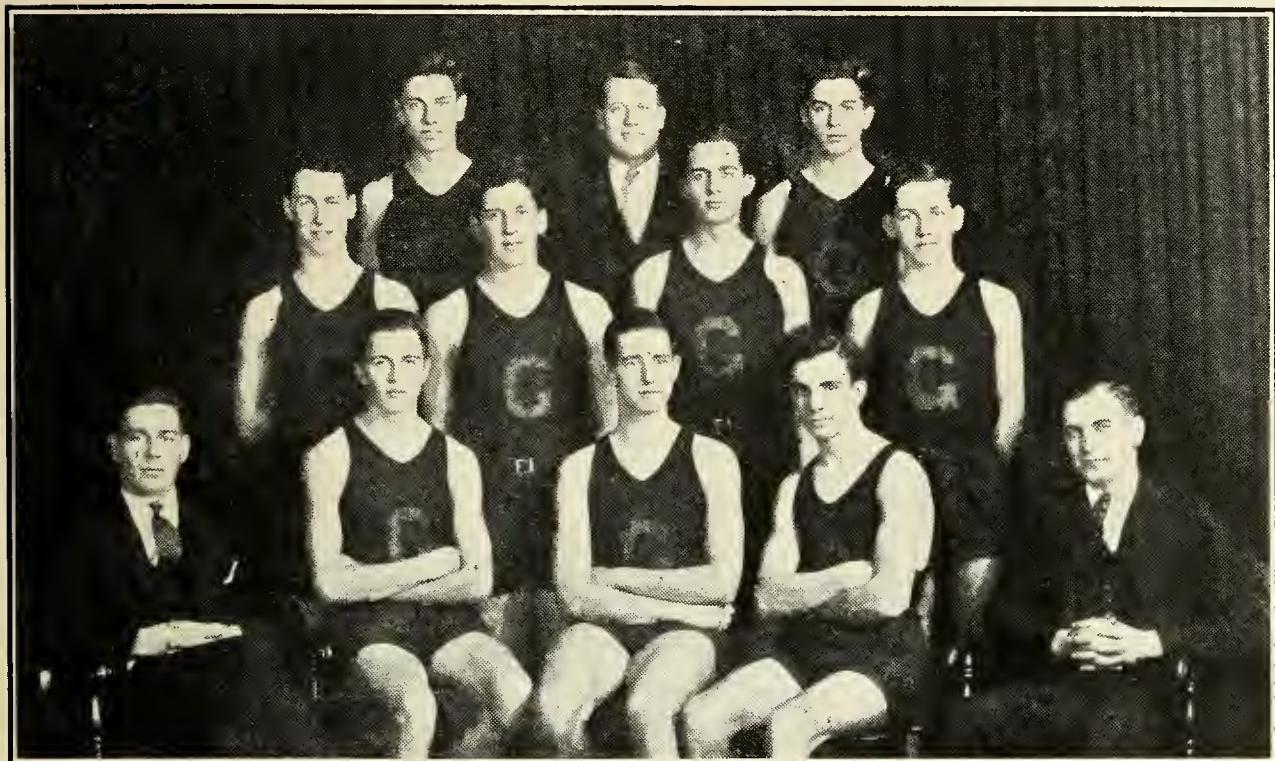
Back Row—Mr. F. A. MacLennan, B.A. (Coach); G. Lorriman, W. C. McKee (Pres.); Burden, T. H. Wholton (Principal); Stephenson, P. F. Unsworth (Mgr.).

Egoff—Mascot.



"CHAMPEENS"





BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—Bill Richmond, Mgr.; George Hipel, Ken. Campbell, Doug. Kemp, Mr. Boyd, Coach.

Middle Row—Harod Dando, George Roelofson (Capt.), Ross Martin, Norm. Baird.

Back Row—Ken. Mills, Frank Mills (Coach), Frank MacDonald.

INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL

WITH the one outstanding fact of having defeated Kitchener for the first time in five years, the school's male cage squad finished off a season that was on the whole more or less successful. In the interscholastic series they finished up in second place with two losses and two wins to their credit for their season's reward. In their opening fixture they walked away with it from Guelph after having staged a Dick Merriwell finish. In the two following games they bowed first to K.-W. and then to the Royal City. Just as the curtain was falling for the close of the WOSSA season they rose to unexpected heights and pulled their traditional enemies, in the form of Kitchener, down a few notches.

Their city league encounters, which were tucked away before WOSSA got going, were if anything more successful. They were playing in a larger and faster group and came out of it tied for second place after meeting, and on occasions defeating opponents older and much more experienced.

The squad:—centre, "Auss" Mills; forwards, Doug. Kemp and Ken. Campbell; guards, "Hank" MacDonald and "Cap" George Roelofson; alternates, "Dink" Dando, Ross Martin, Norm. Baird and George Hipel.

Coaching Staff—Mr. Boyd and the "student coach" "Faggin" Mills.

The final standing for the group.

	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Guelph	4	3	1	6
Galt	4	2	2	4
K.-W.	4	1	3	2

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

AT the date of going to press the interform series have not for the most part been completed and are just getting under way in the Senior schedule. In the first form series T1B walked away with that championship securely tucked under their belts, while 2B have been declared second form victors. These two teams will declare a winner to have the right to meet the senior champs for the Tancock Shield, emblematic of the school interform cage championship.

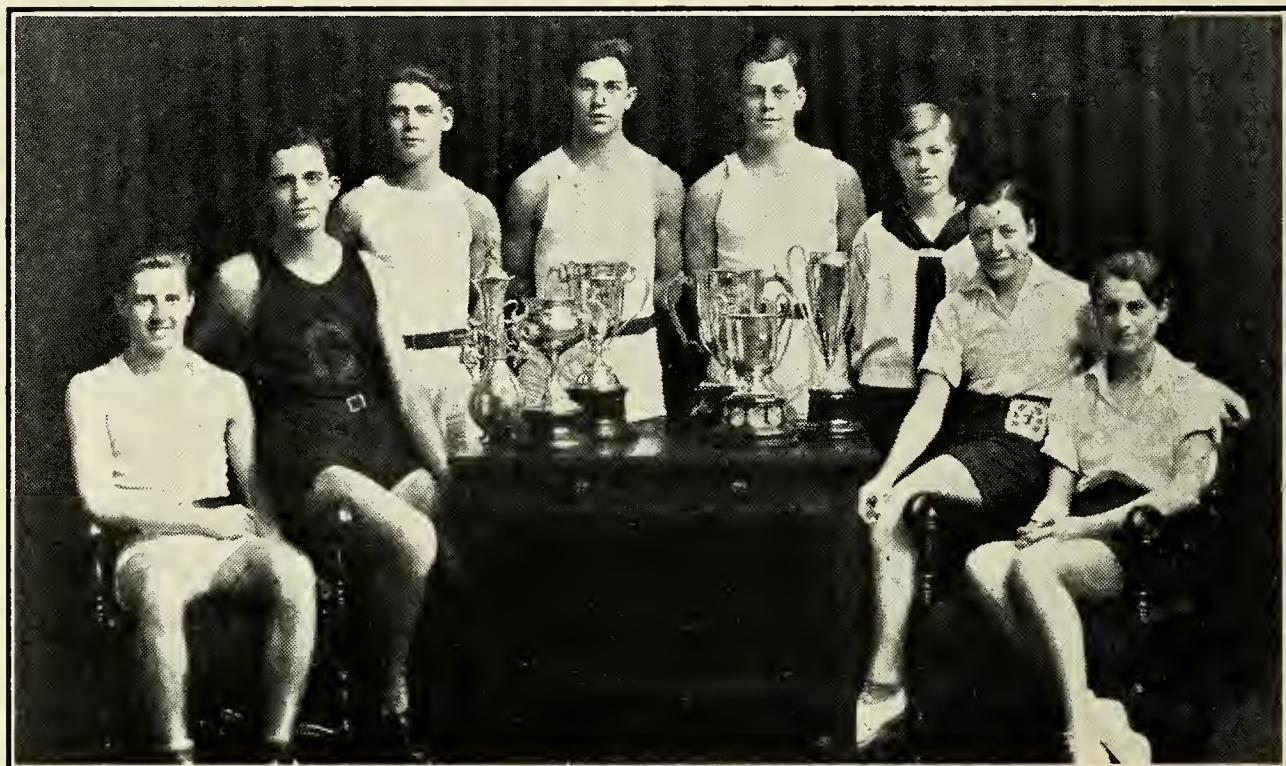


WOSSA TRACK AND FIELD

WITH 19 records shattered WOSSA's annual Track and Field meet last spring was declared to have been the most successful thus far staged by that organization. To give a description of the various records shattered would be tiresome to the reader as well as the writer but let it suffice to say here that the way some of those former records were ruined was—well—nigh humanly impossible. Galt was represented by a team of eight members, who, between the lot of them, succeeded in bringing home but

one point and that a third taken by Roelofson in the intermediate shot-put. The only other point that was "nearly made" was a fourth taken by Peters in the intermediate 220. While certainly not encouraging, still, when one considers that track is still in its infancy at Galt, it is sufficient encouragement to stick at it and hope for the best in the future.

The track and field team:—Arnold Burden, Laurence Snelgrove, Jack Dawson, Doug. Kemp, George Roelofson, George Egoff and Jim Garden. Coach:—Mr. W. D. E. Donaldson.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Reading from Left to Right—Irvine Johnston, Ross Martin, George Attwater, Frank MacDonald, Bob Hughes, Violet Kinder, Madeline Hughes, Gladys Wildman.

ANNUAL TRACK AND FIELD DAY

DESPITE unfavourable atmospheric conditions, one of the most successful track and field days was held last September with two hundred competitors entered; establishing 24 new records, with the most outstanding event the dash of Snelgrove's to set a new school record of ten seconds flat in the 100 yards. To give all the new records that were established would be useless but the features of the afternoon's activities apart from Snelgrove's dash of ten flat was his pole vault of 9 feet 9 inches. In the boys' intermediate class Irvin Johnston caused a mild sensation by smashing the 440, 880,

and one mile records to smithereens.

In the girls' events 14 of the 24 new records of the day were established, although none of them were as sensational as in the male events but rather just a slight lowering or raising, as the case might be, of the former school records.

The winners for the various cups were: Buchanan Cup, Boys' Senior, Frank MacDonald, Ross Martin and Robert Hughes all tied. Boys' Intermediate, Irvine Johnston. Chapple Cup, Boys' Junior, G. Attwater. Board Cup, Girls' Senior, Gladys Wildman. Girls' Intermediate, Madeline Hughes. Students' Cup, Girls' Junior, Violet Kinder.



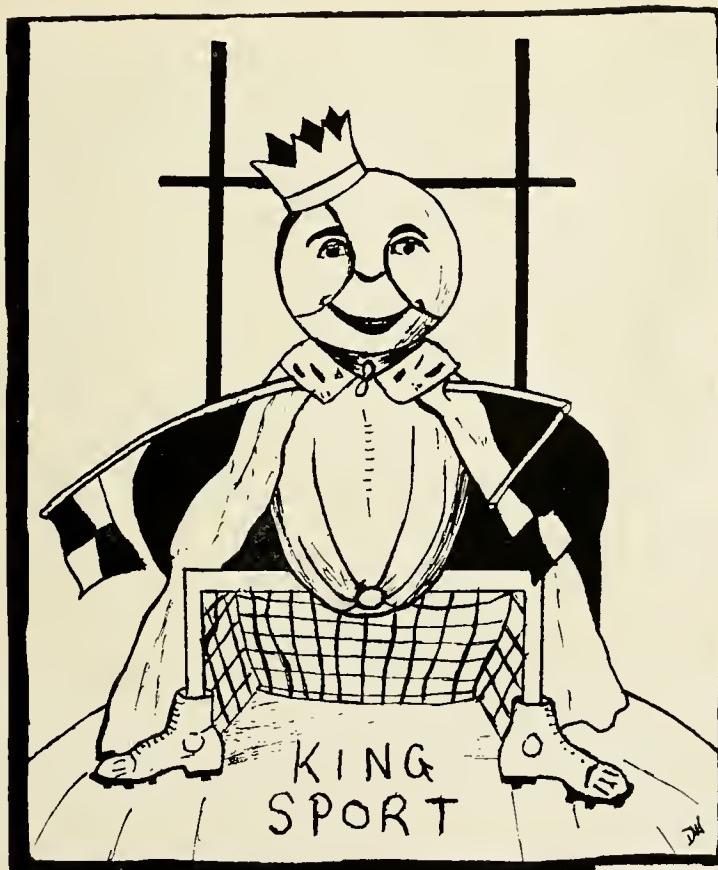
THE GYM. TEAM

AT the date of going to press the gym. team was still in the making, progressing far enough, however, to have elected a captain, in the person of Jim Peters. Jim was on the teams of '29 and '30; the former capturing the silverware for M.D. No. 1, while the 1930 team was tied with Sarnia C.I. for second place.

The gym. team makes but two public appearances a year; the first being at the Physical Training Exhibition, where they bear the brunt of the work, and are largely responsible for putting on the demonstration. Their second appearance is at inspection when they perform before the commanding officers.

The stock of this year's team is rising higher after every practice. They have a strong foundation in some of last year's veterans, while there are some 15 or 20 more prospects to fill in the gaps left by those of last year's team, who have graduated.

Mr. Boyd is training the team while for two days of every week during February the team was under the able direction of Q. M. S. Instructor Husher, D.C.M., from headquarters staff of M.D. No. 1. Q.M. S. I. Husher has done much to whip the team into shape and with a boost such as this the gym. team's chances of pulling up into the premier position of M.D. No. 1 are once more rapidly shooting up.



Physical Education

EDUCATION of various kinds is essential to the individual in order to live life successfully. In this Physical Education has a larger part to perform than most people realize, because it deals with more sides of one's nature than the purely mental.

To enjoy life and to live intensely, one must be physically able. Otherwise the mental and emotional strain of living in the present-day world would become too

great to maintain. This reserve of physical health, which is so necessary, accumulates most speedily from regular participation in recreative sports. Then the mind ceases to turn inward upon itself, the mental tension is lifted, and all the senses become more alive. One begins to enjoy living because the worries of a tiny personal world are lost in the many interests of a world outside oneself. There is a keen satisfaction derived from combin-



ing one's strength and skill in sports with that of a group to achieve a result which would not be possible to an individual. Happiness is increased when shared in playing games as in any other activity.

A standard of right living is a necessary foundation for every life. Surely the

ideals fostered in sports—to win without boasting, to lose without flinching, to play for the team and not for oneself—could not be more easily acquired than in the games at school.

PHYLLIS SHAMBLEAU.

Girls' Sports

DESPITE the fact that the girls of the G. C. I. are not holding either of the cups that might have been brought there, we can truthfully say that Girls' Sports this year have been a success.

The softball displayed by the interform

teams is of a high quality. The interform basketball teams are now drawing to the close of their season and the most that can be said now is that unless some powerful first form team comes into being 4A will be the winners of the Harding Shield.



GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Front Row—Betty Hallman, Helen Wood, Anna Spalding (Capt.), Harriet Schlichter, Grace Trott.
Back Row—Jessie Hinrich, Lena Turner, Madeline Hughes, Miss Shambleau, B.A. (Coach), Gladys Wildman, Janet Wood, Lois Bowie. Absent—Grace Johnston.

SOFTBALL

Guelph C. I. vs. Galt C. I.—At Guelph

ON Oct. 1st our Girls' Team journeyed to Guelph, only to come home with their first defeat. The girls started the game well but the Guelph girls kept close tab on them and finished the first inning with a tie, but Guelph forged ahead, leaving Galt behind them. The final score was 17-7.

Guelph C. I. vs. Galt C. I.—At Galt

THE return game with Guelph was played in Galt. In this game the Galt girls were once more playing softball according to the standard of the former teams of the Galt C. I. This game was a decisive victory for Galt although Guelph did not give up until the last player was out in the last inning. The final score was 20-9.



Paris H. S. vs. Galt C. I.—At Galt

THIS was an exhibition game which was enjoyed by all. The G. C. I. scored another victory. Those who saw that game are confident that if Anna Spalding (the Captain of this year's team) returns to the school next year she will have a perfect bunt which will be worth seeing.

ANOTHER exhibition game was played with the Preston girls of the G.C.I. In all fairness to the School team Preston claimed all the Preston girls from the School team. This had a serious effect on them and sad was the result for the School when Preston brought in 27 runs compared with their 10.

The G. C. I. softball Team :—Grace Trott, c.; Jessie Hinrich, p.; Betty Hallman, c.f.; Harriet Schlichter, 1st b.; Janet Wood, 2nd b.; Madeline Hughes, s.s.; Anna Spalding, s.s. (Capt.); Gladys Wildman, 3rd b.; Grace Johnston, l.f.; Lena Turner, r.f.; Lois Bowie, l.f.; Helen Wood, r.f.

BASKETBALL

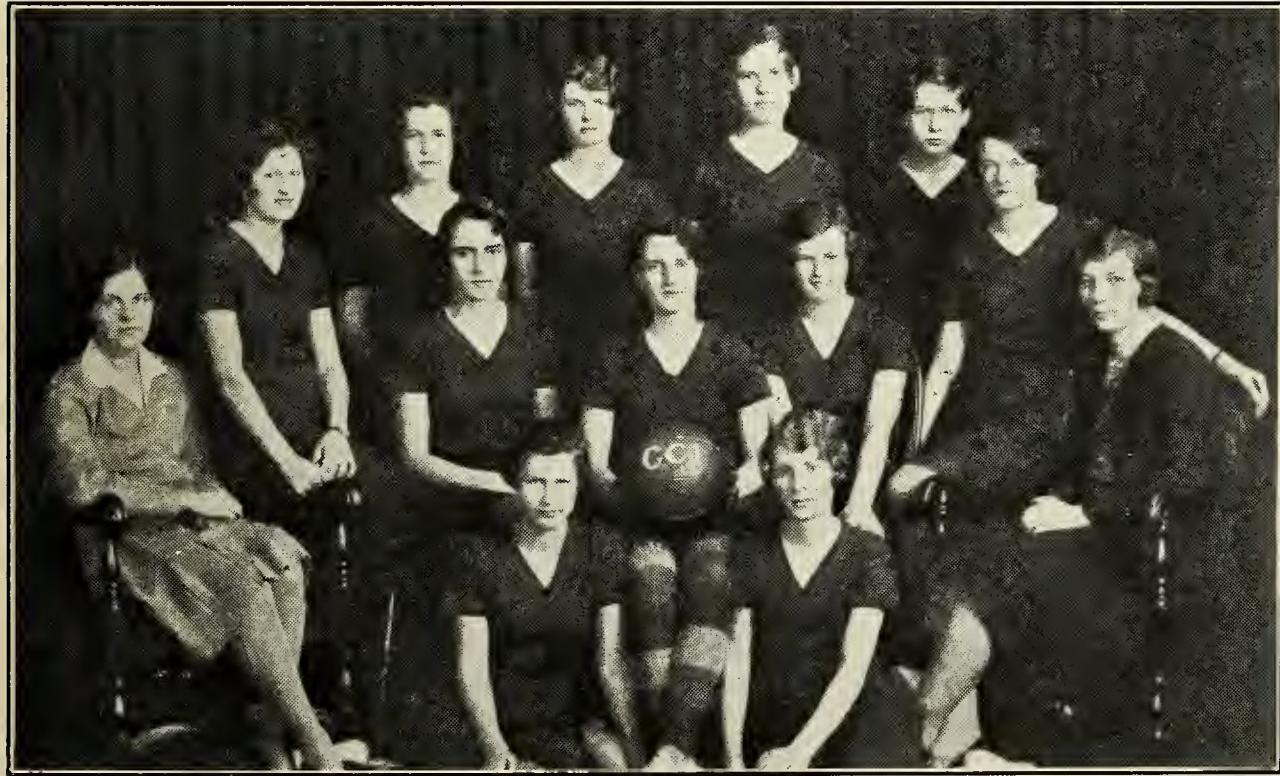
BASKETBALL was started on Nov. 12 with the largest turnout for some years. We are glad that there is such enthusiasm among the younger girls of the school.

Those of the basketball team are fortunate to have Miss Shambleau as coach and to secure again the services of Miss Musgrove as manager.

The annual game with the Ladies of the Staff has not yet been played but we are looking forward to this game sometime after the W.O.S.S.A. schedule is finished.

Brantford C. I. vs. Galt C. I.—At Galt

On Dec. 17 the first exhibition game was played at Galt with Brantford C. I. The score was 30–14 for Brantford. This game was full of marvellous plays. Brantford's pivoting and passing was of a high standard, while Janet Wood was outstanding among the Galt girls.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—Gertrude Melross, Helen Wood.

Middle Row—Miss Shambleau (Coach), Mildred Roadhouse, Verna Day (Capt.), Frances Durward, Miss Musgrove (Mgr.).

Back Row—Elsie Keffer, Edith Dowler, Janet Wood, Marion McKay, Betty Hallman, Grace Trott.



Guelph C. I. vs. Galt C. I.—At Guelph

On Jan. 9 the first game of the W.O.S. S.A. schedule for this district was played in Guelph. We are sorry to relate that we did not come home with a victory, but we are determined when Guelph visits Galt the score will not be doubled with Guelph in the lead.

* * *

K.-W. C. I. vs. Galt C. I.—At K.-W.

On Jan. 16 the Galt team again went down to defeat at the hands of the K.-W. girls. But this time we are glad to say that there was only a difference of 10 in the score, which, if luck will favour our side for a little while, will be less next time.

The G. C. I. Basketball team:—Forwards—Elsie Keffer, Betty Hallman, Marjorie McKenna. Guards—Janet Wood, Grace Trott, Verna Day (Capt.). Subs.—Edith Dowler, Gertrude Melross, Marion McKay, Helen Wood, Frances Durward, Mildred Roadhouse.

* * *

Galt vs. Guelph—At Galt

On Jan. 23rd the Galt girls played their first home game but whether it was due to the fact that the girls were more familiar with their own floor or to their greater prowess in the game they won their one and only victory. Guelph started the game by scoring the first basket but Galt soon rallied and from then on held the lead. With three minutes to play the score was 30–28 for Galt; Guelph secured the ball three times but alas three times they failed to score. Then the ball journeyed into the hands of Elsie Keffer and from there into the basket. Betty Hallman put the score up to 33 by one of her neat free throws.

* * *

Galt vs. K.-W.—At Galt

On Jan. 30 probably one of the most exciting games that has been played in this league for some time took place in the G. C. I. Gym., when the K.-W. girls played Galt. This was the game that was to decide which team should hold second place in the league and the K.-W. girls have this privilege by a one point lead. This is the first time in a girls' game that the G. C. I. girls have had to play overtime. The score at full time was 24 each and then after 5 minutes overtime the K.-W. girls won. The final score was 29–28.

THE GIRLS' GYM. TEAM

The majority of this year's gym. team are girls who were at one time or another on some other gym. team. This alone speaks well for the team. The only public appearance of this group is at the Physical Exhibition, where heretofore they have covered themselves with glory.

The girls' gym. team:—Evelyn Trott, Betty Sheldon, Jean Herriott, Grace Trott, Marie Shantz, Catherine Bernhardt, Luella Smith, Gertrude Melross (Capt.), Gladys Wildman, Gertrude Lindhorst, Madeline Hughes, Laura Daniels, Jean McCallum, Betty Hallman.

* * *

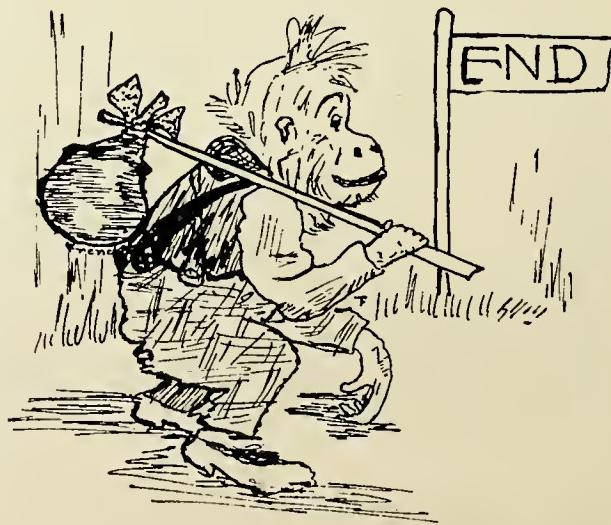
INTERFORM SOFTBALL

The interform schedule was run off in fine shape, 4A coming out victorious, with 1D following and 2B coming next. The school should not feel badly at the loss of any old players from the school team as the material in the first forms is excellent this year.

* * *

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

The first forms played before the holidays and all that is left for them to play now are the finals. The rest of the school is away to a good start.





EXCHANGE



ALTHOUGH the exchange section is often termed "dry and uninteresting," we hope that this department will be of some help to the magazines which we have commented upon. We have received many splendid publications from far and near, some coming from California and Japan, as well as from all over Canada. We wish to thank the editors of all the magazines sent to us, and to say, "Come again, please."

THE ARGOSY OF COMMERCE—High School of Commerce, Ottawa. A splendid beginning. Keep up the good work! Your cover is a beauty, and your numerous cuts brighten your paper. We enjoyed "My Earliest Recollections."

ALLABOUTUS—Stamford High and Vocational School, Niagara Falls. Your pictures give us a fine glimpse of your school. The valedictory is especially good. We also enjoyed "Education by Radio."

THE ALMAFILIAN—Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont. We found the Almafilian interesting from cover to cover. "Back Stage," and "All Quiet on the Alma Front," are fine attempts. We liked your silhouette "The New Girl."

BREEZES—Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, Winnipeg. A truly "breezy" paper. Your social section is interesting and different. We also enjoyed your form notes. Might we suggest a few cartoons?

BLUE AND WHITE—Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B. The Blue and White is a fine paper for the athlete. "Cheer Leaders" are original. What! No Literary and no cartoons?

THE CARILLON—Ottawa Technical School. Welcome to our exchange department. "Listening In" gives due credit to Ottawa Tech. The interesting pictures of your departments give us a real bird's eye view of your school. Your jokes are great, especially "Man's Worries."

THE ECHOES—Peterborough Collegiate Institute and Vocational Schools. One of our best exchanges. Your poems and stories are A1. "The Burning of the Empress" is vividly descriptive. Your Camera Flashes are fine. Congratulations to your Senior Rugby Team.

THE HARPOONER—Renfrew Collegiate Inst. We liked your cartoons. Your sport section is well treated and your championship teams are to be congratulated. Why interrupt your Valedictory by seventeen pages of other material?

HELLO—Brantford Collegiate Institute. We enjoyed your form news. Your jokes and cartoons are also good, especially the cartoon "Hello."

THE LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London, Ont. Your literary section is noteworthy. Your pen and ink sketches are cleverly done, and the cartoons add pep to your paper. A more academic cover would be suitable, n'est-ce-pas?

THE LANTERN—Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask. The addition of a few smiles to your magazine was quite effective. We found "Things To Do While Writing An Essay" very enjoyable. Form Flashes and Sports are well written.



LAMPADION—Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton. The Lampadion is a welcome and interesting exchange. Girls' Sport Section is well compiled. Your cartoons are notable.

THE MONOCLE—Simcoe High School. Your exchange heading is quite amusing. "Concerning Jack and Jill" is a clever parody. Form Notes and Humour are outstanding. We share with you "The Shedding of Crocodile Tears."

THE NEXUS—Pembroke Collegiate Inst. The Nexus is an annual of which to be proud. Your poetry is notably good. Canadian Art and Letters is an unusual and interesting feature. Have you no cartoonists in Pembroke?

THE ORACLE—Woodstock Collegiate Institute. A newsy interesting paper throughout. The literary section is good, and the jokes original. We would suggest that you separate social activities from your other school activities.

THE ORACLE—Fort William Collegiate and Technical Institute. The Collegiate Boat is something new. Your Literary section is a credit to the school, but why put it at the back of the paper?

RED AND GREY—Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan. A welcome exchange. Your locals are very good, and your snaps and pen and ink drawings are splendid.

THE SPECTATOR—Burford High School, Burford, Ont. You were very fortunate to enjoy a visit from Dr. Pratt. We especially liked "Impressions By A Native" and "A Modern Family." But we searched in vain for a Table of Contents and an Exchange department.

TECALOGUE—London Technical and Commercial High School. We liked your paper from the minute we saw the snappy cover. "Our Problem" is new to us and should be very helpful. Congratulations to Eleanor Ellis, your music composer.

THE VULCAN—Central Technical School, Toronto. Your cartoons and jokes are quite good. Why not comment on your exchanges.

VOX STUDENTIUM—Port Arthur Collegiate Institute. Your Alumni section and Form Notes deserve special mention. But might we suggest that you put your "Table of Contents" at the front and separate the advertisements from the reading material.

VOX LYCEI—Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa. The Vox Lycei holds the attention throughout. We found the history of your school song amusing. The Travelogue is a unique feature. Your sports section is quite extensive and your team pictures are good.

THE SCARBORO BLUFF—Scarboro Collegiate Institute, Toronto. Material is good, but not well arranged. Your sports section is well handled, especially rugby. The articles by ex-pupils are novel and your cartoons brighten your annual. We would suggest more short stories.

WHITE AND GOLD—Siskiyou Union High School District, California. All departments are to be complimented on. Your cover adds greatly to the attractiveness of your paper.

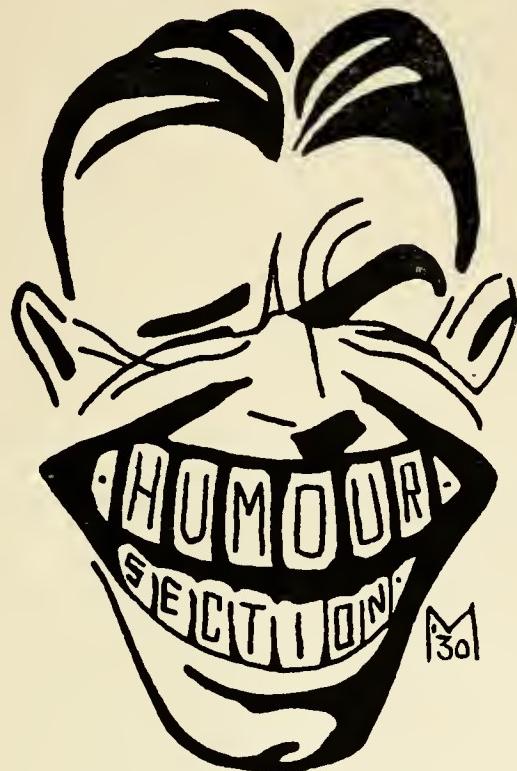
YEAR BOOK—Shelburne High School. Your extensive poetry and literary section held our attention. Your cartoons are good. Attractive headings would not be amiss.

YE FLAME—Regina Central Collegiate. This splendid annual hails from the "wild and woolly west." The sport section deserves mention. "Hints on Etiquette" enlightened our darkened minds (?) Come again.

THE TWIG—Toronto University Schools. The Twig shows originality and genius in its poems and stories. The arrangement could not be bettered. A well balanced, newsy magazine.

THE McMASTER MONTHLY—An outstanding cleverly edited monthly. As a whole it reflects credit on the literary ability of McMaster.

ACTA NOSTRA—Guelph Collegiate Vocational School. An unusually good paper, rich in cartoons and snaps. The Acta is always a joy to the exchange editor. Keep up the good work.



"O, I am stabbed with laughter."

THE game opened with molasses at the stick and smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn was on first base and fiddle on second. Backed by corn in the field, he made it hot for umpire apple, who was rotten. Axe came to bat and chopped. Cigar let brick walk and sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit and twenty made a score. Cigar went out and balloon started to pitch, but went up in the air, and then cherry tried it but was wild. Old ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by the ball and then you ought to have heard ice scream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground and the crowd cheered when spider caught a fly in the field. Bread loafed on third and pumped organ who played fast and put light out. In the fifth inning, wind began to blow about what he could do. Hammer started to knock and trees began to leave. The way they roasted peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. Lightning finished the game and struck out six men. In the ninth, apple told vial to take his base and then song made another hit. Trombone made a slide and meat was out at the plate. There was lots of betting on the game but soap cleaned up. The score was 1-0. Door said that if he had pitched he would have shut them out. (Taken from Specula, 1926.)

MIXED SIGNALS

'Twas a boiling afternoon,
In the autumn of the year,
The day before a strenuous game,
And the team was full of fear.
Every boy was in his uniform
Running around with zest,
The coach was on the campus
Without his coat and vest.
And he was yelling orders,
And feeling pretty peeved;
He said, "You good-for-nothing bunch
Have completely gone to seed."
Pale, then, grew the players' faces,
And rousèd was their ire,
To them it seemed their honoured coach
Was nothing but a liar.
For then a catastrophe occurred,
Before the public eye,
When eighteen boys jumped on the coach,
Who collapsed with bitter sigh.
They carried him from off the field,
With sad and muffled tread,
For they believed that then and there,
Their honoured coach was dead.
But by means of fanning on his brow,
And water o'er his head,
The dear old coach came to at last,
And this is what he said—
"With you many weary hours I've spent,
In classroom and on field,
And for you as far as I'm concerned,
In Latin your doom is sealed."



But then the captain spoke up and said,
"To you it may seem funny
But we were just obeying orders,
'Cause you said 'tackle the dummy'."

Chorus

Swinging on the dummy,
Underneath the tree,
You and I together,
How happy we will be.
But there will be an undertaker
Waiting there for me,
When I'm through swinging on that
dummy,
Underneath the tree.

* * *

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A TECHO
AND A MATRICER

(The day after the Tech. Dept. presented its play)

Techo—"Say, we've got the pennant copped again this year. We had tigers' claws, and Chinamen, and revolvers and everything in our play. Why there was even a bat flying around up above. It didn't fly but it went back and forth."

Matricer—"Go back to the machine shop you monkey wrench. You haven't got a chance to win the prize with that series of misrepresentations you called a play. Now take that play of ours for instance—there's a masterpiece for you. It had colour, feeling and depth."

Techo—"Yeah, it went down so deep it lost its self respect—that play of yours didn't have any action, excepting a guy jumping around like a clown. But he was just acting natural. The whole thing was just a bad case of delirium. And as far as machine shop goes, we at least take hold of things; all you guys do is juggle a lot of x's and y's around. And Latin, wow! You poor beggars look as if a steam-hammer had hit you when you come out of a period of that stuff."

Matricer—"Is that so? Well all you guys do is make a lot of holes in things and then plug them up again. What's more, I'll bet you couldn't find the locus of a point if it was on the end of your nose. Any half-wit can make a lot of noise if they let him loose in a machine shop with a lot of hammers and stuff."

Techo—"Oh, go and take three pills and pull out of the trance."

Matricer—"Go and hunt for a green diamond in a haunted house."

* * *

Mr. Boyd to Cadets—"Some of you boys have to shoot to-night and I want to get you all shot before six o'clock.

Mr. Boyd—"A brave soldier is always found where the bullets are the thickest. Now where would you be, Hughes?"

Hughes—"In the ammunition wagon, sir!"

* * *

Dad—"How did you get along with your modern history exam?"

Son—"It wasn't fair, they asked me about things that happened before I was born."

* * *

EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE THEORY OF STUDENTOLYSIS

Required—Two studes, one attendance slip, one secretary, one principal.

Method—Have one stude skip school, and the other stay home in order to attend grandfather's funeral.

Observation—First stude (18 years of age) borrows a dime and gets into the show on a kid's ticket. Second stude attends aforesaid funeral. Next day both names appear on slip. Both studes go to office. Both have forgotten notes. Secretary says studes must see principal. First stude says he was sick. Second stude says "I had to attend my grand-father's funeral."

Principal releases first stude, telling him to bring his note (which he does not), and to second stude he says, "Aha! a very likely story. You expect me to believe the old gag, eh?" Take a week's . . ."

Conclusion—Truth is stranger than fiction, and detention goes on forever.

* * *

THE SCOTCHMAN'S HINT

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half-an-hour in silence, "Maggie," he said at length. "Wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I dour say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so you were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht an Thursday nicht, and Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinking that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht and I'm here again."

"Well, what for no? I'm sure your very welcome."

Sandy, desperately—"Maggie, woman, dae ye nae begin to smell a rat?"

* * *

THE FACE IN THE SPARE ROOM DOOR

I happened one day to walk past the door, The clinking of coins came back from the floor, Those solemn faces and gamblers' smiles, While the girls talked over the latest styles.



The chatter of chins, the clicking of dice,
Richmond was betting and Scott raised
his price.

There was Red Dog and dice, euchre and
poker,
Dink held five aces, but Doug. held the
joker.

The Techos were fighting with 'lastic and
lead,
And the floor was strewn with the numer-
ous dead.

Latin and French were pushed under the
chair.

For everyone here was having a spare.

All of a sudden the floor gave a creak,
Then somebody hollered, "Cheezitthebeak!"
Then all of a sudden a hush swept o'er,
For there was the face in the Spare Room
door.

The face that we love will be there no
more,
'Cause Joe's put a glass in the Spare
Room door,
So never more will that face disturb us
And we can play without getting nervous.

I.W.W.

COMMERCIAL SARCASM

At this time we would like to intimate
that a commercial student is one who—

Takes typing, to ease the flying fingers of
a restless pair of hands.

Takes bookkeeping, to learn what to do
with a borrowed book.

Takes law, to learn how much to tax the
brain.

Takes shorthand, to see how bad a piece
of paper can be scribbled up.

Takes stenography, to some day be the
sole idol of some big button man from
the "vest."

Takes office routine, to learn how to be
self composed when called up on the
mat.

Takes spelling, to get the drift of that
cat, rat, bat stuff.

Takes writing, in order to perfect the
"old man's" signature.

Takes rapid calculation, to juggle figures
in a head that contains an undersized
brain not used to such things.

Takes economics, in order to be able to
detect a slump in allowance.



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Don Enrique, Infante of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator (1394-1460) introduced the sugar cane in the Madeira Islands. It was taken to the Canary Islands in 1503, thence spread to Brazil and Hayti early in the 16th century and from there to Central America.

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* * *

Coppel—"Gif me an uksemple uf a snake."

Margoles—"Der viper."

Coppel—"Silly, dots an uksemple uf a henkerchiff."

* * *

Mr. Hale (3rd period Mon. morning)—
"Now class, cheer up. This modern History may seem dry but just think how I feel."

* * *

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIAZZA

A fishy old fisher named Fisher,
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure,
But a fish with a grin
Pulled Fisher in,
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

* * *

EVEN PADS IN THE BACK OF THE PANTS

He—"How do you like my new rugby suit?"

She—"Marvellous."

He—"Nothing can hurt me now."

She—"Oh, this would be a fine time to go and ask papa."

* * *

YOU CAN TELL A BRIGHT STUDE BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

Question on exam. paper—Express in your own words—"the shades of night were falling fast."

Found on one paper—"the people were hurriedly pulling down their blinds."

* * *

Then there was that bright fellow in the Tech. Department who said that a storage cell was a big moth proof box.

* * *

A NARROW ESCAPE

One day "Pop" Stuart was seen to take a rusty file, sharpen it to a keen edge, rush out of the back door of the machine shop, and head for the river bank. One of the stalwart first form technical men had the presence of mind to run after him and leaning over the edge of the quarry, saw "Pop" draw the knife to his throat. Unmindful of danger he pitched himself headlong over the high precipice in a frantic effort to save his beloved teacher. Was he in time? Yes—just in time—to see "Pop" dexterously scrape the last bit of shaving soap from his face.

* * *

Mr. Elton—"Ha, ha! I see by your moustache you had eggs for breakfast."

Mr. Phelan—"Well, I guess the joke's on you because it was yesterday for dinner.

Mr. Elton—"You don't say."

Mr. Phelan—"Yes, and it wasn't eggs—it was squash."





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Matriculation Valedictory

WE, the graduates of the Galt Collegiate Institute for 1930, stand before you to-night with mingled emotions. We are experiencing "a feeling of sadness that is not akin to pain" at leaving our "kindly mother," but with it comes an excitement at stepping forth into another world. Hitherto we have enjoyed only privileges but now we shall begin to attend the school of experience.

The five years spent in this Collegiate Institute have changed our entire outlook on life. When first we entered these halls of learning we were filled with awe at something altogether foreign to public school. We were cowed by the grandiloquent manners of those older than we, and for a time were overjoyed when they consented to bestow passing glances upon us. But our timidity vanished presently and we too began to join in the

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles."

Throughout the years we have taken increasingly great interest in the life of our school, and we have grown to love her and to revere her records of the past.

We hark back to the days when she had her beginning in 1852, under the leadership of Michael Howe. Co-education was not yet established and then and through the long principalship of Dr. Tassie only the hum of boys' voices sounded in the corridors and classrooms.

Tassie's Apes led a school life very different to ours of to-day. They learned their lessons in the shadow of the ferrule, and grew up as sons to the noble master who taught them.

Their leisure hours were times to spend in joyous abandon on the playing-field, showing their skill in cricket, football and baseball—sports which have given place to our more glamorous rugby and basketball and gymnastics. They shamed not to battle with bullets of snow in the army of king winter, and when colds gripped them Mrs. Tassie was at hand with potent remedies to minister to their needs.

Mr. John Bryant, the next headmaster, was an advocate of modern methods. He closed up the girls' school down town and henceforth boys and girls were instructed under one roof. Competitive sport was emphasized and our rugby teams' first official ancestors was made in the form of cracking football teams. Another school activity begun in this régime was the Literary and Musical society, which retains its original vigor and freshness for our benefit to-day.

In 1899 Colonel A. J. Oliver organized the 21st Cadet Corps, and boys were trained to take part in the defence of their country should their services be needed. The Cadet Corps fills an important place among our curricular activities.

In the years of the Great War the boys and girls of this school played their part in the struggle and we pause here to revere the memory of forty-eight of them who died for freedom.

We have passed during our high school days from childhood to young manhood and womanhood. The sheer joy of living still permeates our beings and we realize that our childish ideas and illusions have been changed and that now we are learning to think. Mathematics has taught us to combine facts and produce new truth; Languages have taught us precision and History has inspired us to reach up to the stars and grasp them to ourselves.

Friendships have been formed in this half decade, which shall never fall away into ruin. We have here found companions who are ever sympathetic, and loving and kind to us both on the faculty and in the body of schoolfellows, whose friendship has helped and inspired us to greater heights of ambition.

We have come now to the parting of the ways. We have clung together as schoolmates for five happy years, but at last each must seek his own task in the business of life, and carry on his endeavours away from his fellow students, under the guidance of the hand of God.

JACK DAWSON.



"Oh this learning what a thing it is."

5th Form

WILFRED R. TUTTON

Scott—"What kind of rock is this, sir?"

Mr. Hamilton—"Albite."

Scott—"So will I."

* * *

Richmond, the noted "smokes" critic, says—"Brunettes are like Canadian cigars—guaranteed to kill outright at a hundred yards."

* * *

Master—"John, in my wardrobe there are—"

Servant—"Cigars, sir."

Master—"How did you find them?"

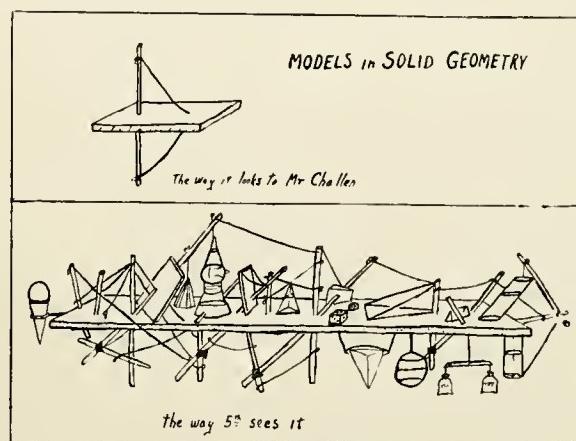
Servant—"Excellent, sir."

* * *

Mr. Hamilton—"What is the weight of your crucible plus contents, Harold?"

Dando—"18 grams + 2 grams respectively."

Mr. Hamilton—"What is the weight of



the crucible plus the contents after heating?"

Dando (absentmindedly)—"1.69 grams, sir."

Scott's voice from behind—"H'm, heavens, fella, you musta driven off the crucible, too."



Charles had been out for the evening with his best girl. When he arrived home he found his father sitting up. The old man looked up and shook his head.

"Hae you been oot with yon lassie again?" he asked.

"Sure, dad," replied Chuck, "Why the worried look?"

"I was just wondering how much the evening cost."

"Oh, no more than half a buck dad, that was all she had."

* * *

WO, THE DAY, YEA! WO THE HOUR

When we find Margoles wearing a necktie.

When Willard drives anything but a Ford (aeroplanes excluded).

When we find Dawson, the man who made Preston juniors known, in the play-offs.

Or when members of the Hi-Y Club are able to get into classes at 1.31, after a meeting, without late passes.

Mr. Hamilton—"It has been said, Dorothy, that there is very little difference between cooking and chemistry. Then where is the great resemblance?"

Miss French (and then on fleet wings the inspiration came)—"When one egg, not necessarily an extra or even a first, long having remained in the aqueous solution of sodium silicate, is precipitate to the congoletum, an odour is produced not in the least unlike that of hydrogen sulphide." And it is that very same Dorothy who wonders, if, after taking liquid air, one would have to bother breathing.

* * *

And Dawson feels flattered when the Scotch rugby fan yells "get that quarter back."

* * *

JESS WILLARD'S MOTTO

Don't sit down in the meadow and wait for the cow to back up to be milked—go after the cow!

4A Form News

The first number on the social program of 4A was a weiner roast, held at Ross Chapman's, quite early in the year. The form left the school in small groups, the more fortunate ones riding. After choosing two teams we played ball till it grew too dark to see Betty's fast balls and then adjourned to a nearby woods where a great fire of stumps was built. Here games were played until the hot dogs and coffee were served, followed by marshmallows and pie. As the fire died down we went to the house, where the games were resumed. On the whole the evening was a decided success.

* * *

On Friday, December the twelfth, nineteen hundred and thirty, Form 4A met at the Curling Rink for our second class party. The ice was in fairly good condition and if the posts had not been so close together we would have had a perfect night. We were accompanied by Miss Carter, Mr. Challen, and Mr. McLennan. When everyone had skated as much as he or she wished we abandoned the curling rink for a new source of entertainment. Refreshments were served at Palmer's and the 4A appetites bore witness to the taste of the lunch. Before going home a little singing was tried, with Tait as choir leader. We got as far as, "Three Blind Mice." Then we said, "Au Revoir," and packed our memories of 4A's skating party away till another time.

THE WITCHES' CHANT

Round about the cauldron go,
Mathematics you must know,
Let 'X' equal the cold stone—
When will 'Y' be thirty-one?
Drop that in the mystic pan,
Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?
Double, double, boil and bubble,
Mathematics make them trouble;
Caesar, Chem., and Virgil, too,
Fourteen lines make a stew.
And to thicken up the mystery
Take three pages of Ancient History,
Trig., Algebra and Eng. Lit.,
Spend two hours on each or git.
All night long, from six to three
Study Math. and History.
In the hours when you should dream,
Write an Eng. twelve-page theme.
Work at night and Sunday, too,
Outside reading you must do.
Next day when you're on the bunk
Teachers spring exams.—you flunk.
Double, double, boil and bubble
High School life is full of trouble.

* * *

Mr. Wholton (announcing in assembly—"This being the only Monday of this week, I wish to announce on Tuesday that on Wednesday the regular Thursday meeting that was to be held on Friday, will be held on Saturday instead of Sunday.")



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Martin—"Would you accept a pet monkey?"

Gladys—"Oh, I'll have to ask father, this is so sudden."

* * *

Mr. MacLennan (in latin class)—"Can anyone give me the derivation of the word auditorium?"

Lorne Phillips—"Yes sir. From audio, meaning hear, and taurus, meaning bull."

Mr. MacLennan—"That will do."

* * *

Mr. Hamilton—"What is the most outstanding contribution chemistry has made to the world?"

Jim Anderson (gazing intently at Doris Wilfong)—"Blondes."

This year, 4A had only two players on the junior rugby team:—Ross Chapman and Jimmie Tait. Probably that was the reason that the team did not make a better showing.

* * *

NEWS FLASH

On New Year's eve., Gladys Wildman was unfortunate enough to faint in a local night club. The proprietor had to wait thirty-five minutes till water could be brought from Ayr to revive her.

A goat ate all our other jokes
And then began to run.
"I cannot stop," he softly said,
I am so full of fun."—J. M. & E. H.

4B

THE SAD FATE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

The other day, June 32, 1603, Christopher Columbus (not the Arctic explorer), who spent a week in Preston last Sunday at the home of his sister-in-law's brother, was suddenly attacked in the van by cannibals, in one of the dark alleys of that city.

As has been mentioned above Christopher, as he is sometimes called, was foully placed in a tail-spin by barbarous Preston onions. But he bravely drew his derringer and stabbed the foremost of Caesar's flatfeet; but he was finally forced to bale out in a parachute when his horse was shot from under him. Chris., as he is sometimes called, tried to make a get-away, using two Austinettes for roller-skates, but forgot his shoe horn and was overtaken and tripped by Caesar, leader of the brigands on a tricycle. There ensued a violent argument, in which Col., as he is sometimes called—maintained that Latin should not be taught in High School and Caes. agreed that it should. The Specula Galtonia begs to inform you that with regard to your letter of the 15th inst, Columb.—as he is sometimes called, carried the ayes in the dispute, who signified in the most unusual manner.

Now if you three listeners will stay awhile we will continue with Act. 3, Scene 4 : Caesar became vexed at this so he seized Bus.—as he is sometimes called—and attempted to plant him in a sewer but it was too small. After rolling in the gutter for a while Lumb.—as he is sometimes called—got up and nonchalantly lighting a Murad proceeded to dust

the dusty dust off his coat, then said in a deep voice : "Unhand me varlet," but Julius thought otherwise and said, "I ain't gonna do it." His tribunes then seized Stopher—as he is sometimes called—and carried him in pieces to the enemy's dug-out. Here Caesar and his first mate decided upon torture. Top—as he is sometimes called for short—was then tied down and the radio was tuned to where "Rudy" Fraser and his Collegiate Syncopators were playing the "Stein Song." Poor Columbus lasted for exactly 15 minutes and 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, when the agony becoming too great his mind gave way completely and when Caeser entered he was playing "You're Driving Me Crazy" on a Jew's Harp.

The last heard of hapless Christopher he was living quietly in Hamilton and eating Alphabet soup every day so that he could become a man of letters.

* * *

Mr. MacLennan—"Can you tell me a thing of importance that did not exist 100 years ago?"

MacDonald—"ME."

* * *

WHERE'S EATON

Thompson—"If the ice is as thick as he thinks it is—he's skating, and if it's as thin as I think it is he's swimming."

* * *

THE LUCKLESS HUNTER

The hunter had but little luck,
For he was out to shoot a buck.
He shot a farmer's cow instead.
Worth fifty bucks, the farmer said.
—With apologies to "Bill" Richmond



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Form News of 3A

One day our form was late in getting up to history class.

Mr. Hale—"Why is this form five minutes late?"

Miss Sheldon—"Please, sir, Miss McLachlan was late and we had to wait until she had marked the attendance."

Mr. Hale—"Well, tell her she should trade in that second hand car."

(However Miss McLachlan may fool us and trade it in for a nice little tri-motor aeroplane).

* * *

This year our form party was a skating party. We certainly picked on a very popular night for it though, because, besides us, there were three other forms from our alma mater who seemed to think it an ideal night for a skating party. As we were the favoured form we had succeeded in renting the upper part of the Curling Rink, where we were holding our party and here we met at ten o'clock to enjoy the "dainty refreshments" (sounds like the social and personal column) which the girls had supplied.

As proof that we all had a good time, we're eagerly awaiting our next party, where we may learn what happened to all the olives.

* * *

In French class one day Miss Carter evidently decided to turn the tables and make us ask her questions in French. The first person she asked was Rolly. After a long pause our great athlete asked "Qu'avez-vous l'intention de faire ce voir?" But Miss Carter, not wanting to reveal secrets, replied: "J'ai l'intention de m'amuse." So George pressed his question no further.

* * *

IS IT THE FALL FEVER?

Sometimes in the fall my fancy
Turns to things so very odd,
And this year I shall breathe a secret—
It's turning to the rugby squad.

Form 3B

3B has been rather unfortunate this term as far as form parties were concerned. Several were planned and invitations had even been sent out but that was as far as it went. We offer sincerest apologies to Mr. Hale, who cancelled two other engagements to attend one of our parties. We will have to see what can be done about arranging one which will not fall through.

Now you may think it's silly
And you may think it's queer,
But all because of injury
I've lost my heart I fear.

But, really, it is tragic,
And certainly it's not fun
To be in a dilemma
As not to know which one.

'Cause when I set my affections
In any definite way,
Another makes a touchdown,
And again my fancy strays.

For surely it's beyond compare
This rugby squad so bold,
With anything that's ever been
Not e'en the knights of old.

But now I'm plunged in deepest gloom,
For rugby can but cease,
And though my happy days are o'er
My heart will have some peace.

—G. M.

* * *

—And from our form comes the captain of the Junior Rugby Team, captain of the Boys' Basketball Team, captain of the Boys' Gym. Team, and captain of the Girls' Gym. Team. Really awfully athletic, eh, what?

—G. E. Melross.

* * *

Roelofson thinks that Miss Carter is Scotch because she is always asking for "free translations."

* * *

Now we understand Ilia Lucas' mark in History.

Mr. Hale evidently does not approve of loud winks.

* * *

Our Marion Laing has singular powers of attraction. We have Munroe Fraser frequenting the spare room now instead of the lunch room.

Form 3B

We have decided to take up a collection and buy Cartwright a rope as he is very fond of skipping.

* * *

Marion Webb seems to have gone wild lately as she has been seen riding around in a Chev. coach.



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We wonder why Nelson Bond does not go on the stage, because we feel sure he could burst into tears as well as faint in English period.

It would be well for some other boys if they had a girl friend like Radford Shea's as he meets her at the bus station and thus saves a fare to Preston.

2A Nonsense

A GLIMPSE

Slater the prater, did you say,
Yes, he belongs to the form 2A.
He's not so very big or fat,
But he shoots hot air straight through
his hat.

As for the girls.

Least said, soonest mended,
We hate to say more,
For fear they'd be offended.

* * *

Jack Allard is a regular fellow,
He blows his nose with a mighty bellow,
But his usual performance in every class,
Marks him first in fail or last in pass.

Duncan informed us in a Grammar period that the plural of solo is duet.

* * *

Jack Hetherington, the bean-pole guy,
Reminds me of the skyscraper high,
His lofty carriage and stately mien,
Makes me feel like an undersized bean.

Miss Goldie—"Yes, when she plays she seems to strike a dominant note in me."

Miss Horsey—"Oh, you mean Flat."

* * *

Hercules Craig is in 2A
For the purpose of being there to stay.
His wisdom falls on deafened ears
And almost moves the teachers to tears.

Interform rugby this season wasn't so inspiring. Somehow a schedule was not drawn up and the team didn't play a game. However, from all appearance we seem to have a strong basketball team and hope to do something more than lose games this year. At any rate we didn't lose a game in rugby.

* * *

Everett Pirak, otherwise Joe,
Isn't so fast, but isn't so slow.
But when it comes to using his wit,
The rest of the form might just as well quit.

The girls' sports are getting along splendidly for 2A. They have won several games already, and are trying seriously (no fooling) for the championship. Then, of course, there's volleyball, and undoubtedly 2A will rate high in this also. Let's hope so.

2B

2 B or not 2 B

Ladies and Gentlemen—This is station T.O.B.E.

This afternoon we are about to broadcast the famous Rugby game between the 2B Invincibles and the All American Football team of 1905. We are very fortunate in procuring that great African Hunter who has just returned from his mountain climbing expedition in the Sahara Desert, to announce this game.

me: For the 2B Invincibles, the players are as follows—Mills, Clarke, Hipel, Wilson, Rayfield, Day, Brown, Garden, Riddale, Ledingham, McArthur, Ferguson, Childs, Elrick, Flatt and Winn (their position on the field does not amount to very much—they don't even know themselves). The team is under the supervision of Mr. Boyd.

You will probably remember the players of the All-American team of 1905, but if you should not, I wouldn't worry about it, because I have long since forgotten them also.

Well, Folks—there is the line-up, and now the band is coming out on the field, under the able direction of none other than our most popular and esteemed leader, Bob Bernhardt. My, what a great musician he is.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I speak of no other than Mr. Smith, known to his most intimate friends, as Mort; and to other people, merely as Mort. I now turn the microphone over to Mr. Smith, who will give you a push by push report of this game. "Mr. Smith."

Thank you, kind sir—and now I will give you the line-up as it was given to





Now the teams are coming out to add some colour to the scene. I might mention the fact that Mr. Bob Ritz, the great mathematician, calculated, in the morning papers, that 2B Invincibles would be victorious. I hope his judgment is correct.

Ron. Underhill has control of to-day's important fixture and I hope he does not suffer any mishap. He calls the teams together and shouts, "Ready 2B Invincibles?" "Ready, All-American 1905," blowing his whistle to bring the two opposing teams of gladiators into the fray.

The bleachers that run along either side of the field are well crowded with all kinds of spectators, of every description, etc.

It is now quarter time and the score is twelve to nil in favour of the Invincibles —now the game has started again—Bob Bernhardt and his band of merry Troubadors, break out in melodious rhythm as they render the Scotchman's National Anthem: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love."

We have now reached the half way mark and right here is where we bring forth our most pleasant surprise for you. The 2B girls' orchestra, composed of the Misses Anderson, Tulloch, Storey, Dixon, Daniels, Whalley, Buck, Bernhardt, Renwick, Shantz, Cole, Sohrt and Herriot, who will give their own interpretation of the well-known bootleggers' song—"You Can Cry in Your Beer If You Want to—It Can't Possibly Taste any Worse."

Thank you ladies. That was a noble effort. Now we go into the third quarter of this terrific battle, with the score 24-0 in favour of the Invincibles. At this moment, Jean Light arises and leads the cheerers with the appropriate yell—"They said they could beat us, but Oh, how they lied."

Play in the Third Quarter was fast with the lads from 2B taking the offensive and increasing the count to 36-0.

By the time Ireland is a big boy he will be a second Paderewski—judging from the looks of his hair now.

BASKETBALL

Well 1B sure is climbing the old ladder of fame and has landed on the second rung by winning the Championship for first formers. Captain Jean Evans certainly is a hot player and is supported by an able team. One of these days the school team will be composed of some of the babies of a few years back and then Hot Dog—Well you know the answer.

Now comes the last quarter, and with it the final chance for the All-Americans. By the way, I have just thought of an experience that I had in my late travels—etc., etc., etc.

Hurrah-Hurrah. Oh, What's all the noise about? Oh, yes, Ladies and Gentlemen—the game has just finished and the Invincibles were victorious by the overwhelming score of 48-0. This goes to prove that Bob Ritz, occasionally, shows rare judgment.

I overheard the remark that Ossie Mills was the star of the game. Who is he? I never heard of him.

I will now turn you over to your local station announcer.

Thank you, Mr. Smith.

You have just heard Mr. Smith giving a push by push report of this afternoon's great struggle.

We are now signing off, and will return to the air again at seven-thirty with the Children's Hour, sponsored by the United Spinach Grower's Corporation, growers of high grade spinach and other weeds.

Good afternoon.

—By Hoo Kares.

2B WEINER ROAST

A most delightful evening was spent at Barrie's Cut in October, in the form of a weiner roast.

Games and singing were indulged in and much enjoyment was had in this way.

"Ginny" Childs, our budding Opera star, carried off all honours with his execution of several ballads. We understand there is no voice quite like his, which can readily be understood by those present.

The most anticipated event of the evening was the food, and great credit is due those who were responsible for the delightful repast.

Miss Ruddick and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd chaperoned the affair in their usual capable manner.

—R.S.U.

1B

1B thought the social was dandy but the male section of the class is still wondering when they will bring on the eats, after giving us samples of the good things in store.

A father of one of the boys in 1B became inquisitive and looking in his son's text-book read the following words, "In case of fire please throw this in."

D. H. to M. H.—"Doesn't Bill Ireland make you sick?"

M.H.—"Yes, he gives me heart trouble."



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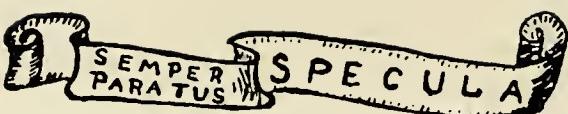
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1C

V. Jordan—"Have you ever read "To a Mouse?"

R. Panabaker—"How do you get them to listen."

* * *

M. Pruss was one of those suicide blondes dyed by her own hand.

* * *

So said his father's friend—"You intend to become a doctor?"

Mathies—"Yes, sir."

"And why have you decided on the medical profession?"

Mathies—"Well, a doctor seems to be the only man who keeps on being paid whether his work is satisfactory or not."

Doris—"Jean, you told me to put that five cents in a safe place."

Jean—"Well?"

Doris—"I have, I swallowed it."

* * *

Doctor—"Have you ever had trouble with dyspepsia?"

D. McGaw—"No-er,—that is only when I try to spell it."

* * *

K. Mumford—"I was thinking of buying a bicycle."

Illa Jardine—"Huh! You have no money."

K. Mumford—"Well, it doesn't cost anything to think."

1D Form News

Mr. McKee—"And what is your father's occupation?"

Joe Stauffer—"I-I can't tell you!"

"But I must know. It's a question I ask of every pupil."

"Well he's—he's a bearded woman in a circus."

* * *

Bruce Wright—"Do you know sheep are the most dumb of all dumb animals?"

Pop Stuart—"Yes, my lamb."

* * *

Fraser Smith—"Who killed Cock Robin?"

Jean Taylor—"I haven't finished the Canary Murder Case yet so I don't know."

* * *

A gum chewing girl and a cud chewing cow,

Are somewhat alike but different somehow.

Ah, I see it now,
It's the thoughtful expression on the face
of the cow.

* * *

Mr. Hale—"What do they call the king of Russia?"

Helen Ritz—"Czar."

Mr. Hale—"Right, and what is the Queen called?"

Lloyd White—"Czarina."

Mr. Hale—"Right, and what are the children called?"

L. Shortreed—"Czardines."

* * *

Two faces were close together. The frail hands caught Sid Sheldon's horrified gaze—Good Gosh! It was the face of his watch and the hands pointed to nine o'clock. He'd overslept.



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Vocational Valedictory

IT has fallen to my lot to bring to you the farewell message of the Graduating Class of the Vocational School, and while I am tempted to confine myself to the pleasant task of extending felicitations, and the expression of the liveliest interest in, and hopes for our mutual success, I do not wish to thus place the stamp of futility upon our gathering here at this time.

We all realize that every situation in life is susceptible of being resolved in terms of opportunity with its nevertheless invariably attendant responsibility and with its high lights and its shadows; nor can we presently claim as a youthful prerogative the right to pursue a carefree existence, to the neglect of our opportunities.

We are met here after three years of a now cherished daily association in the good old G. C. I., in the pursuit of knowledge—a veritable seed-time for the harvest of the years. We have experienced in full measure the constructive contacts of the class-room, the campus, the assembly and the gym. We have enjoyed, (and in some cases sustained) the highest and best efforts of our teachers for our development. The old School has placed a wonderful heritage of tradition at our disposal, to imbibe, to emulate, and to revere.

And now that we are upon the threshold of active life and must go out from these contacts and associations and these kindly old walls, how have we kept faith with those who have made all these advantages possible? And lastly, how have we kept faith with ourselves? Do we squander our time, or have we learned to husband it? The great and good William Ewart Gladstone has said: "Believe me, thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and the waste of it will

make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckonings."

Have we acquired the habit of concentration? Carlyle, one of the mightiest intellects of all time, says of it: "The weakest living creature by concentrating on a single object can accomplish something, whereas the strongest, by dispersing his attention over many, may fail to accomplish anything."

Finally, are we considerate of all, and especially of those whose mental or physical equipment is perhaps inferior to our own, or whose environment may be otherwise circumscribed. If so we may fairly lay claim to the possession and exercise of true politeness, the elements of which are graceful manners, thoughtful kindness, and delicate respect. Moreover, we shall have acquired the art of making and keeping friends, which will prove to be one of our greatest assets no matter where our lot in life may be cast, for—

"He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare.
But he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere."

My wish for us all is that we may
"So live that when our summons comes
To join the innumerable caravan that
moves
To that mysterious realm where each
shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death;
We go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon,
But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust
Approach our grave like one who wraps
the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

RAY D. HODGINS.



*"Business despatched is business well done.
Business hurried is business ill done."*

By KATHLEEN SNYDER

C. 3

Mr. McVittie (talking of dates in a Geography class)—“The hotter the place the better the dates.” This sounds like advice from the experienced.

* * *

Ruth—“Tell Isobel to hurry down and look at the parade from the window.”

Lillian—“She’s up stairs waving her hair.”

Ruth—“Well, why doesn’t she use a flag?”

* * *

Frances Lapine issues the following COMPLAINT

The favourite plot with talkies seems
To be the court-room game.
We’ve had “His Captive Woman” and
“The Trail of Whatsername.”
The touching case of Madame X
Is shown us from the stand,
And when we think there is no more
The Canary Murder takes a hand.
The Argyle Case, The Drake Case, too,
The Girl in the Glass Cage
I’m tellin’ you these Hear ye! themes
Have put me in a rage.
To-day I staggered screaming,
From my seat and up the aisle.
They thought the heat had got me,
But it was another murder trial.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Betty Bond—“Are you sure my nose isn’t shiny?”

Kay Snyder—“Will somebody go up to the third floor with me? I’ve got to see somebody.”

Bessie Wragge—“Let’s be good this period.”

Jack Stubbs—“I wonder if Mildred will see me to-night?”

Ambro McInerny—“My boy-friend’s mad at me again.”

Rose Hedges—“This gum is for the basketball team.”

Thelma Forler—“He! He! He!”

Ken. Smith—“Let’s sit near Miss Williamson to-day.”

Prestwick—“I don’t see why Faye won’t go out with me.”

* * *

Midge Tuffin—“I’ve just located the Missing link.”

Harry Webb—“May I be rescued.”

Frances Lapine—“Hey, listen.”



THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why Midge Tuffin likes Preston people so well.
Why Ambro McInerney is going to stay at school.
Why Ethel Hanson takes her dinner.
Why Ken. Smith plays hockey.
Why Jack Stubbs plays a saxaphone.
Why Frances Lapine is always asking someone to listen.
Why Margaret Whitmer is so clever.
Why Betty Bond decided to come back to school.
Why Harry Webb is so quiet.
Why Chumny likes shows.
Why we all wonder about these things.



MUTT

THEME SONGS

"I'm Needing You."—Marks.
"Three Little Words."—Take detention to-night.
"Can it be."—I passed.
"You're Driving Me Crazy."—Economics.
"Just a little closer."—To the next exams.
"I'll Be Blue Thinking of You."—History.
"You're the One I Care For."—Spares.
"A Cheerful Little Earful."—Everybody passed.

QUESTIONS

Miss Weatherill tells us to run up a blind.
Miss Williamson says don't get behind.
Miss Brandon says take this letter.
Miss Musgrove to learn Economics better.
Miss Pooke asks us if that is clear.
Miss Knapp to gather over here.
Miss Shambleau asks if shoes are white.
No wonder C3 has a fright.
When teachers start asking questions.

* * *

She stood before him, pleading. He raised the large knife in his hand and she said quickly, "Have you no heart?" He shook his head. "Well then give me liver," she replied.

* * *

FAVOURITE SAYINGS OF OUR TEACHERS

Mrs. Brandon—"Would you mind looking it up in the dictionary."
Miss Pooke—"Steady, everybody; stick to business."
Miss Musgrove—"Webb, go down and get the encyclopedea from the library."
Miss Williamson — "Girls! I meant boys."
Miss Knapp—"Gather 'round here, girls, and watch me."
Miss Shambleau—"Your shoes are dirty." "What is your name?" "Detention."
Miss Weatherill—"Now if you were in some office."

* * *

C3 WEINER ROAST

We held our weiner roast on Wilks' Flat. The more delicate rode out while the remainder hiked with the assistance of flashlights. Upon our arrival there we found a blazing fire, which was started by some of our industrious young men of the form. The evening was spent in singing, playing games, weiner eating and the toasting of marshmallows. Miss Musgrove acted as "Chief Cook." The hungry crew demolished two baskets of grapes and three of apples. After the firemen of our crew had the fire put out we found ourselves trudging across ploughed fields, climbing high fences, etc., until we reached our limousines. After counting the crew we found two missing and looking back over our trail we saw to our amazement Miss Honsberger and Ella Nicholson hanging high upon a barbed wire fence. We rescued them after much difficulty and were soon on our way home.



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C. 2A

PERSONAL NEWS OF C. 2A

Miss Ina Dunn is a great admirer of the captain of the Rugby Squad. Please keep this a secret."

Miss Kay McInerney had the pleasure of a skate with Mr. McVittie. It seems a shame that we weren't all skating.

TEN YEARS FROM TO-DAY THIS IS WHAT WE SEE

Pearl Gole—buying out the powder counter at Woolworth's.

Estelle McDowell—powdering her nose.

Rita McCrudden—arguing with Kay McInerney.

Martha Warnholz—working at a peanut stand.

Kathleen McInerney—noted sculptress of Canada.

Evelyn Porter—looking for a boy-friend.

Catherine Pawelko—trying to grow so she can look over the seat in front of her.

Ina Dunn—rushing to be on time.

Madeline Walter—aviatrix.

Margaret McIntosh—fortune teller.

Nancy Davidson—announcer for station B-U-N-K.

Miss Dunn to Miss Johnston—"Why does Joan Kirsh put powder on her face?"

Miss Johnston—"Why to make her beautiful."

Miss Dunn—"Then why doesn't it."

Irene's boss who had just finished dictating a letter to his brother, asking him to show his friend around Toronto when he reached that city.

"O Miss Gorth, add a P.S. 'The sky is the limit'."

Miss Gorth displays the letter proudly some time later. The P.S. reads, "This guy is the limit."

Miss Echlin (who had just witnessed a fight)—"O, the big bum, he socked him in the eye behind his back."

C. 2B

WHAT THE TEACHERS SAY TO C. 2B

Mr. McVittie—"Miss Evans, turn around."

Miss Musgrove—"Miss Tease, if you don't stop that talking I'll move you up to the front."

Miss Honsberger—"Now Miss Cation, you stop that talking and sit over by the window."

Miss Pooke—"Steady, steady and straight lines, girls."

Miss Shambleau—"What, Miss Ewald, without your complete costume again?"

Miss Williamson—"Now another move out of you, Law, and you'll go to detention."

Miss Weatherill—"Miss Dilly, put your cover on your machine."

Mr. Wholton—"Be quiet, you can be heard down on first floor."

Miss Pooke—"Miss Grieve, what are the requirements of a legal contract?"

NOTICE

C. 2B are getting wise to Bailey's tricks. He gets excused in stenography so as to miss dictation.

Marie Ross—"Who said 'They run, now I can die in peace'?"

Eileen Walker—"Henry Ford."

Mr. Watts—"If you had more spunk you could be at the head of your class. Do you know what spunk is?"

Dorothy W.—"Yes, sir, it's the past participle of 'spank'."

Mahler thought an autobiography was a diary of trips in the family car.



Ruth Turley—"What counts most in the business world."

Eunice Schott—"The adding machine."



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C. 1A Shining Lights

IMPOSSIBLES

To keep Nix quiet.
To keep Little and Stewart from singing jazz.
To make Hagey work.

EXTRA

A reporter for a newspaper had been served with home-brew. On the same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. In the evening paper the result was as follows:—

"A beautiful wedding took place at Pineville, at 12 o'clock sharp, on a bob-sled, nearly new, drawn by a pair of beautiful white calves. Music was given by a Gibson engine, guaranteed to go when in working order. The newly married couple were accompanied by two first grade milk cows, aged. The parish was decorated beautifully with chains, hay-forks, ropes and other articles too numerous to mention. Among those present were a pair of mongrel dogs, a pair of Persian cats and a hay-loader. After the newly weds were sold, they left on an extended wedding trip to China on two good bay mares with terms to suit purchasers."

—G.S.

A passenger asked a coloured train porter what time the train left for a certain city. The porter told her the right time. However, the lady was not satisfied and asked a white porter the same question, only to receive the same answer. When the lady had gone, the coloured porter walked up to the white one rather masterfully and said, "Well, I suppose she's satisfied now, she got it in black and white."

Marie Margaret Helen Marian Ball took a parcel to the postal wicket to be weighed.

Clerk—"If it would have weighed one gram more, it would have cost another 10c."

Marie Margaret Helen Ball—"Thank goodness I didn't sign my full name."

Perfect description of Coyston, Tucker and Tremaine:—Two hams and an egg.

Henderson—"What time is it?"

Stoakley—"Time to shut up."

We are under the impression that Little and Stoakley are going to open up a 5th Ave. beauty parlour, but wanted to practise on themselves first. They appeared at school with frizzed hair and light hearts. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

C. 1C Form News

The pen is mightier than the sword
And personal jokes should be abhorred.
But in this form where all are friends
Your name to the joke a humour lends.

IMPOSSIBILITIES

To make Elsie Vingoe stop chewing gum.
To make Miss Willard sit still.
To keep Miss Turley from shouting "Oh, Gerry."
To get Christine Smillie here on time.
To get Miss Schneider stopped talking of Harris Legg.
To make Miss Schrumm stop laughing.
To stop Miss Sargeant from asking questions in Mrs. Brandon's room.
To stop Agnes Saunders from putting paint on.

THE AEROPLANE

I'd like to take an aeroplane, and fly up in the sky.
I'd like to race the swallows
Up in the clouds on high,
And listen to the humming of the motor

as it roars,
Away above the tree tops
Where the great eagle soars.

Swifter than an arrow

I would speed up in the clouds;
And hide myself above them,
Far from the staring crowds.

Yes, I'd like to be a bird man,
The proud eagle to outfly;
And be the wind's companion
In its playground in the sky.

—Gerry Schneider.

C. 1C SPECULA JOKES

A. Wilson—"How many controls on your radio?"

B. Mills—"Three, my mother, dad and brother."

Happy man—"Shay waiter, find my hat."

Waiter—"It's on your head, sir."

H.M.—"Don't bother, then, I'll look for it myself."



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SMILE ALL THE WHILE in
A NEIL SHOE

THE WEAR IS THERE WHEN WEAR IS WANTED
Your Favourite SHOE STORE, 33 Main St.



Mildred Musselman (acting as clerk)—
"What can I do for you, Madam?"

Edythe Willard—"Do you serve nuts here?"

Mildred M.—"We serve everybody.
What do you want?"

Miss Williamson—"Tell us something about Abraham Lincoln."

Edythe Weber—"He was born in a log cabin which he helped his father build."

Miss Ruddick—"Who was it that laughed then?"

Elsie Vingoe—"Please Miss Ruddick, it was me, I was laughing up my sleeve and there was a hole in the elbow."

If these jokes will not make you laugh put them in the stove and listen to them roar."

—Gerry Schneider.



"Hear ye not the hum of mighty working"

The Modern Aeroplane

THE aeroplane of to-day is probably the most refined engineering structure of the time, and to the average person the principles of construction may appear to be very complicated. These, however, are not exactly new. A bridge builder thoroughly understands all the methods of bracing used.

But a bridge, of course, is not required to be able to do a loop or dive through the air, and the strength required may be more easily calculated. If in an aeroplane the parts were made too strong and heavy, it would end up by being commercially impractical, and, if too light, would be very unsafe to operate, and therefore aeronautical engineers have to figure just

the right proportion of strength to weight.

Practically the machine has to be so designed that the load likely to be imposed during flight is distributed evenly along the structure, and that where there is probably not much force acting on a certain spot, this must be made lighter than where a heavy load is applied, to keep the factor of safety the same in both places.

Structural failure in an aeroplane is almost unheard of to-day, and for a ship to lose a wing after it has flown a considerable time is not an indication of bad engineering, but of dreadful negligence in the maintenance of the craft.

—H. Zinn, T 3.

The Development of Television

TELEVISION has made great strides during the past year. The early Television receivers used Scanning Discs of different sizes, whereas the present day receiver uses a Scanning Drum, which results in a more compact outfit. A Neon lamp is used to project the picture onto a ground glass screen in the following manner:

A magnifying lens at the back of the screen serves to enlarge the picture sufficiently to be seen by four to eight people at a time; the Television signals are broadcast on a 'short' wave length so as

not to interfere with Broadcast stations as it requires a fairly broad wave band.

To use a Television Receiver the Receiver is first tuned in with the switch at the 'sound' position till the note is heard at its loudest; it is then switched over to the 'picture' position and the picture is framed by varying the speed of the motor.

Television experimentation first began in July, 1925, when C. Francis Jenkins, who had experimented in Motion Picture projection, first sent Television pictures from his experimental station, W3XK, at Washington, D.C.



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Although those interested in Television had to build their own equipment their number has grown to about twenty thousand and at the beginning of this year.

To make Television really practical some means of transmitting two-dimensional pictures must be found. If three-dimensional transmission were discovered

solid objects could be transmitted.

Home Television is not likely to come within the next five years or so as there are so many difficulties to be overcome and the equipment now used is very expensive.

—I. Hollway, T 3E.

Social Activities of T. 3

DURING the past fall, a number of weiner-roasts were organized, and staged at Bryden's farm. According to what we hear, they were a howling success. Of course, the presence of a number of girls from C 2B, added greatly to the general enjoyment. Hot-dogs and marshmallows are apparently one of the weaknesses of T 3.

With the coming of winter, the worries of school life, and exams, were forgotten long enough to enjoy a series of house-parties, arranged at the home of students of T 3, and C 2B.

For the use of their homes on these occasions, we owe a vote of thanks to Mrs. Girvan, Mrs. Cullaton and Mrs. Hollway.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

T 3 has contributed worthily to the major activities of the school this term.

In the field of sports the form was well represented. With the Senior Rugby Squad we had none other than "Jerry" Hugo, holding up his position on the line. His six-foot frame, and his 150 lbs. of bone and muscle did not tend to weaken the strength of this department of the team.

The Juniors, while they did not come out on top of their league, showed that they had the fighting spirit. A good percentage of this team was from T 3. These were : Burden, Walker, Buchanan, Clark, Avison, and last, but not least, Sipes, "the Blairite."

In the Glee Club operetta Buchanan is being given an opportunity to demonstrate his vocal powers.

Other musically inclined pupils of the form are found occupying seats with the orchestra, in assembly, on Monday mornings. These are : Albert Bendus, Adam Bendus and Jim Girvan.

INTERFORM RUGBY

T 3 entered two teams in the Interform Series; one in the Junior League, and one in the Senior League.

The winding up of the schedule found both of these teams in leading positions.

BASKETBALL

It is planned to enter two teams in the Interform Basketball League; but, as the schedule has not yet been arranged, this is not certain. However, we are looking forward to a good season.

TID-BITS AND T 3

Bendus—"Zinn just gave me a ticket for a lecture and I don't quite know what he means by it."

Dunn—"Why, what's the trouble?"

Bendus—"The lecture is on "fools," and on my ticket it says 'admit one'!"

Newsboy—"Great swindle, seventy-four victims."

Mr. Stuart (buys paper)—"Hey! I can't see anything about a swindle."

Newsboy—"Great swindle. Seventy-five victims."

IN THE DIM FUTURE

Mrs. Bendus (to Albert)—"Now, look here, it was three o'clock in the morning when you came in the other night, and four in the morning when you came in last night, and if it's five o'clock to-morrow morning when you come in to-night, you can sit up and let yourself in."

FIRST AID

What is first aid?

First aid is not a substitute for a doctor's skill and service. It is the treatment or attention given to a wound or injury as soon as possible after it occurs, while waiting for a doctor to come.

The purpose of first aid is to save life and limb—to prevent infections and other serious complications.

When applying first aid one must keep cool, or in other words not get excited.

Supposing a person fractures a limb, a first aid student should immediately find a method to prevent the leg or arm being moved, by using splints and bandages in



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Use the following odd numbers,
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often as you please, but do not use
more or less than six numbers to
make the total.

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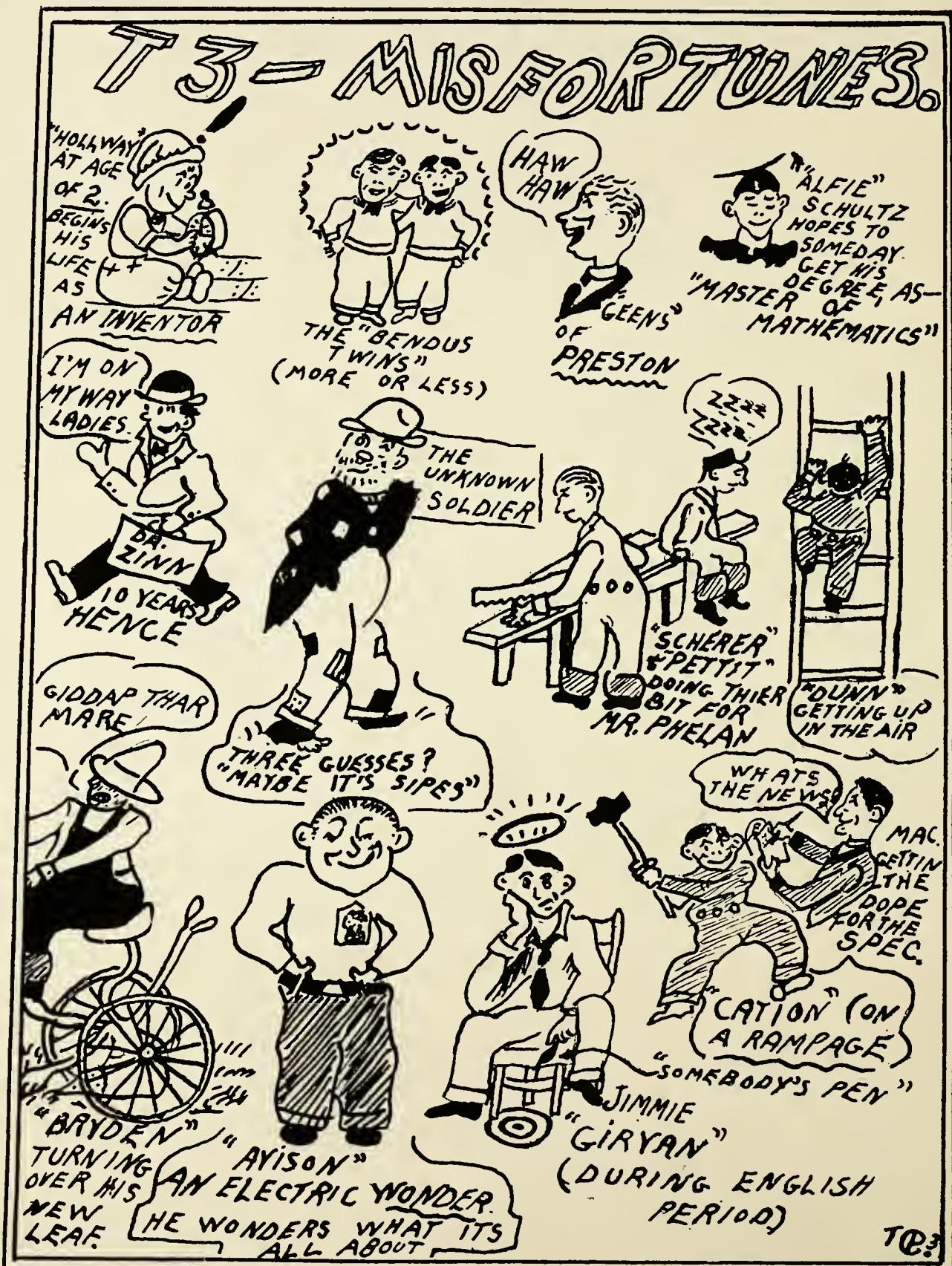
In gratitude to them we would therefore ask you to "PATRONIZE OUR ADVER-
TISERS" and, in order to prove to them the effectiveness of advertising in this maga-
zine, mention the SPECULA GALTONIA when purchasing.



the proper manner and then carefully removing the patient to a doctor. On the other hand if someone receives a cut or scratch of any size and description, the first aid student should immediately disinfect it and stop the bleeding until it has been properly bandaged.

In every shop and school of to-day at least a first-aid kit of some description is kept, because every employee or teacher knows how essential it is.

So let us all see if by some means or other we can learn first aid. Safety First.
W. E. Howard, T 3M.





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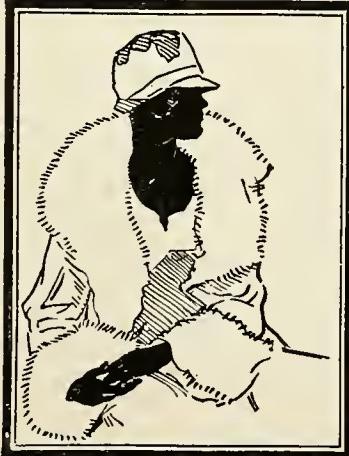
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photographs.*



T. 2

In the Technical Department we have some very bright teachers. For example, one of them firmly believes that it is only the Law of the Church which prevents a man from marrying his widow's sister.

Another highly respected and honoured member of the department thinks that a polygon is a dead parrot.

Bowey is like the Amazon—he never dries up.

GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE

He met her at Friendship, Maine, followed her to Love, Virginia, and asked her to name the day at Ring, Arkansas. They were married at Church, Iowa, and settled down at Home, Oregon, but the twins were born at Boise, Idaho.

T. 1D Form News

Two weeks after we started school, the first forms had completed the strenuous labour of planing a board to the right width and thickness. They consider themselves good woodworkers.

Government officials say that the Dominion loses a large amount of money due to forest fires. They must never have heard of woodworking classes; that's where all the wood goes; not to the fires.

MORNING EXERCISES IN ROOM 49

"Before we start to-day's lesson everybody take the brush on the side of the desk and brush away all the shavings under your bench and sweep it out into the aisle."

Pupils of T1D are now making a book stand in the Woodworking Department.

DRAFTING

Drafting is a very interesting subject. An artist paints his pictures and other things as they appear to him, but a draftsman draws his work as it really is. This is the difference between the two. In drafting the lines are either straight, arc, or circle. In an artist's work there are lines of all sorts.

Many people think drafting is not good for everybody but it is. Anybody can use drafting knowledge. A storekeeper, if he is buying a new show case or something like that, the salesman just needs to show him the blueprint and he knows how it is going to be.

WHAT WE LEARN IN ELECTRICITY

In the electricity room we have been wiring and learning about the annunciator and other electrical fixtures. We have learned to make and solder different splices. Each boy made a small design out of the splices he made. We have made a form board on which splices we have made were formed into a design.

BASKETBALL

We did not start our basketball season off very well. The first game we lost with a score of 7-5.

Our second game we lost, playing C1, by a score of 15-10.

Our third game we won, playing 1D, with a score of 14-12.

The last game was the best game we played. It was 1D and we beat them by the score of 22-2. It was the best game we played and of course it was almost a white-wash.

During the four games we won two and lost two. We expected to do better, but we got fooled.

The team is as follows—Centre, Swiss; forwards, Stewart and Walker; guards, Taylor and Oliver; Subs., Wylie and Patrick.

INTERFORM RUGBY

T1D and T1C had a rugby team combined. We played four games and won two. The games we won were good games, the first two games broke us in. We had mostly light players. Nelson, of T1C, was captain. He was a good half-back; McWilliams, also of T1C, was good but was too light

Sowler, of T1D, played good games all the time. He spoiled most of the opponents' end runs.

T. Hatt played in most of our games. He gained yards every time he got hold of the ball.

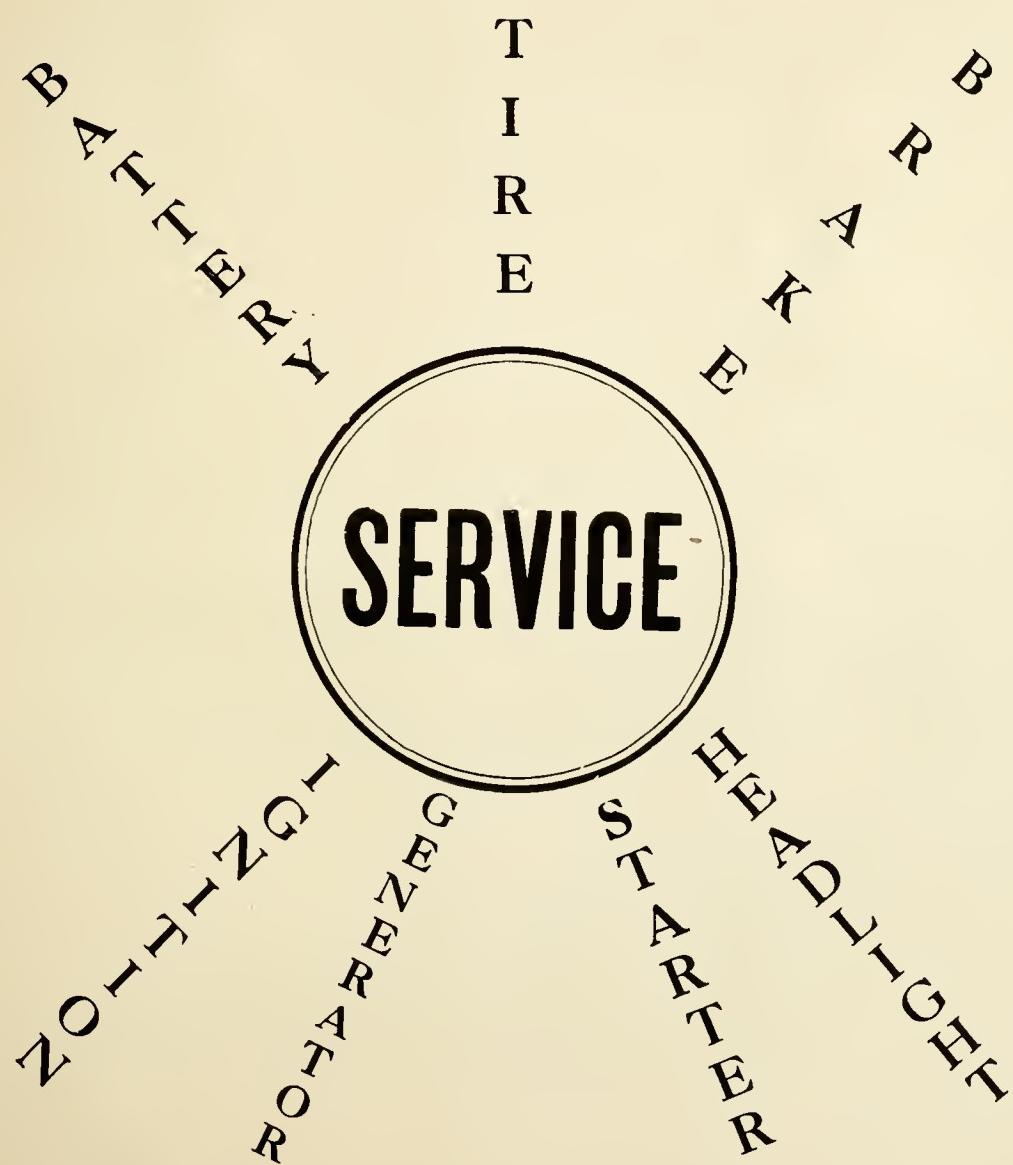
Team:—Snap—Silk; line—J. Patrick, Hatt, Fisher, McEwen, Steggles, Wylie, Sowler, Swiss; Quarterback—McWilliams; Half Backs—Walker, Nelson.

—J. Swiss.

T1D was born on September fifth, 1930, with a roll of twenty-five. Since then some have moved themselves to new locations and others have come to us. Through all these changes we still have a roll of twenty-five. We have members



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Our form teacher is Mr. Stuart and our form room No. 19—the machine shop.

HUMOUR

Mr. Hambly to Scott—"What is grass, Scott?"

Scott, timidly—"Whiskers on the face of the earth, sir."

* * *

An American was touring Scotland. He came upon a lake fed by a little stream and in amazement turned to his guide and said "That is a wonderful lake, if we had it in America we should soon make good use of it." "You can have it," said Sandy. Here's how you can get it over there; get a one-inch pipe, put one end in this lake, take the other end to America, and if you're as good a "sucker" as you are a "blower" you'll soon have it there."

* * *

Father (reading son's report)—"Conduct bad; reading, composition, arithmetic, history—bad, bad, bad. What's the meaning of this, Ernest."

Ernest—"I don't know dad, do you think it might be forgery?"

* * *

Concealed weapons (elastic bands), are against the "Law of the peace" in Mr. Hambly's room. Anyone caught violating this law will be sentenced to one week.

* * *

T 1D is the shining light of "T.1." "Mm, Mm, Ain't that sump'n." This piece of news was given by Mr. Stuart, so don't be alarmed.

* * *

Three jovial travellers dining at a hotel agreed that the one who had the oldest name should be exempt from paying the bill. "My name is Richard Eve" said the first. "I go farther back than that," said the second, "My name is Adam Low.

The third said nothing but handed his companions a card which read like this.

MR. B. GINNING

Specialist.

—L. Steggles.

Home Economics

OUR CLASS TRIP TO TORONTO

By Marion Smith, H3

Our form met at the Galt Canadian Pacific Railway Station, and went down to Toronto on the six-forty-three train. This took us about an hour and three-quarters, so you can see we had ample time to take in the scenery. It struck me that the country through which we passed was very much the same as it is around Galt. In one particular place I noticed a number of stump and stone fences. From this I concluded that the land had not been cleared so long as it has around here, for if it had, you would find the fences falling down and rotting away.

We arrived in Toronto about half-past eight, and the first thing we did was to examine the large Union Station, and look at the displays in the show-cases of the tunnels leading up to the Royal York Hotel. There was some tooled leather-work here in which we were interested, but, of course, we could not spend too much time in one place so hurried on, and went to Simpson's, where we spent the rest of the morning.

At Simpson's there was a large department taken up with lamp shades, in which we were naturally very much interested. We examined the materials out of which they were made, noticed the designs and the stands, and were greatly surprised at the high prices; we soon began looking forward to seeing how high the article might be. Avon House

proved very interesting also. It was made in the style of the original house, but was furnished with modern conveniences. A lady took our party through another house which was filled with copies of original antiques, and which was decorated in the same style. It was interesting to notice the different ways in which the people of the different periods decorated their walls.

At about eleven o'clock we left Simpson's and went to Eaton's where we examined a few of the hats until about a quarter to twelve. I noticed that the majority of the hats were dark brown or green, the brown ones in particular being trimmed with large feathers, which reminded our whole party of the hats the women of fifty years ago used to wear. We had our dinner in the Georgian Room and our group were all ready for it. I did not know that one could get so tired by just looking around, so we certainly were ready for a rest and some refreshments. We all felt much better, after our enjoyable dinner, and ready to be moving. The whole party looked through Eaton's once more, examining the way the leather and ribbon flowers were made, getting new ideas for Christmas gifts, and looking at the tooled leather work.

We then went through Woolworth's, as it is in the same block, before going up to Eaton's new store. The thing we took the most interest in here was the Thrift



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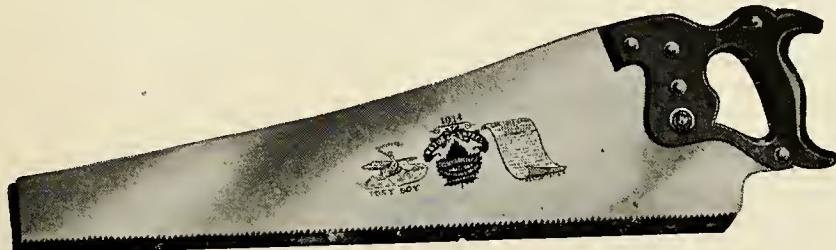
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House in one corner of the main floor. It was a fair size and nicely finished. In each room there was posted the price of each article in it, so we could see for ourselves that it was a thrift house in fact as well as in words.

Our next destination was the Royal York Hotel. Here we spent about an hour. A bell boy took us through, showing us the library, reception hall, dining-room and concert hall. They were all very large and beautifully decorated.

From here we went directly to the Royal Winter Fair, which was the most interesting of all to me. After looking at the flowers we went to see the fish. There were little ones, short ones, fat ones, blue ones, and many were very beautiful.

One thing that impressed me deeply was a place that they had fixed up to look like a swamp. A small creek was winding in and out through swamp grasses; on the bottom of the creek there was sand, and the familiar swamp bird, the bittern, stood in this picturesque swamp. This looked so natural that it reminded me of a particular spot at home. From the flowers we went to see the horses. We had quite a time finding them, and when we did, they were in separate stalls. Many Saskatchewan and Alberta horses were shown. The Prince of Wales' horses, from his ranch in the latter province, were there, perfectly formed, large, well-groomed and friendly. All the horse stables through which I went had box stalls, except one, so they must have been fairly comfortable. From the horse stables we went back into the Coliseum, and through it to the cattle section. There were many different kinds—all good, as one could easily see. One thing that I particularly noticed was that all the men looking after the cattle were in clean white uniforms.

It was now after eight o'clock so we

went back to the Union Station to await the train that was to carry us back to Galt.

We appreciate very much the kindness of Miss Knapp and Mr. Wholton in permitting us to take such an interesting and beneficial trip and we take this opportunity to thank them heartily.

* * *

As you probably know, we have been doing some experiments with rats. Here is what they said when they saw them:

Miss Honsberger (conquering her dis-taste,) "Oh, the little darlings."

Annie Margaret Isabel Bond—"W-w-will they bite?"

Recella—"Oh, what long, horrid tails."

Mary Matheson—"I don't care for them very much."

Personally we like young pigs better.

* * *

"Miss Wigham," squealed Mary Matheson, rushing into the Cooking Lab., "there is a white rat in the dining room."

"Never mind, Mary, white rats are lucky."

Mary—"This one is, for it's had your dinner."

* * *

We have only had one social gathering as yet, the annual weiner roast for H. 1, 2, 3. We were accompanied by three teachers (one of whom greatly amused us by doing the cake walk to keep warm). Although we have in other years gone down to the quarry, this year we trekked down to Soper park.

We were laden with weiner, rolls, our own pickles, pie, candy, grapes and lemonade.

The victuals were heartily partaken of by hungry appetites. The enjoyable evening closed with a round of pee-wee golf, which was given by the teachers. Our only regrets were that Miss Wigham was unable to attend.

H. 3

LISTENING-IN

This is station H.E.3 Vocational School, Galt, Ont., announcing.

We wish to tell you to-night of the possibilities of Form H. 3.

It is one of the smallest forms in the school, consisting of only eight girls. They come from the surrounding district, including Glen Morris, Innerkip, Blair, Campbellville, Little's Corners, and of course Galt is represented too.

And now for what we imagine their future will be!

It is expected that Marion Smith will

be a great success as an actress. She is getting considerable practice here at the Vocational School, along this line. It is reported that she thinks she talks too much for her own good but we think she is only keeping her voice in practise for future use.

Their tallest member, Mary Matheson, is expected to run one of the most patronized Beauty Parlours in Innerkip. After that we think she will marry one of the prosperous young farmers, near her home town, who raises pure bred Jersey cattle.

We are not quite sure of Annie Bond,



but we feel sure she will spend part of her days, if not all of them, making clothes for her many "cousins."

Betty McEwen, their farmerette, will soon be head of a large horse ranch in Alberta; and as she says "have all the cowboys running after her."

Recella Washburn, after finishing her nursing course, says she is going to be an old maid and have lots of cats and parrots to keep her company.

Bernice Lund is proving quite good in typewriting periods so perhaps she will turn toward the Commercial side of life and be a stenographer.

Mary Currie, me thinks, would make a

very good manager of a lunch-room; so do not be surprised if you see in your evening paper soon that she has opened up the new "Eatmore" Lunch-Room in Campbellville.

Grace McCrea would very much like to follow the millinery line and start up a shop of her own, and in the meantime, her fellow-students think she will be helping to keep things lively in the Glen.

We must bring our little talk to a close now. We hope you have enjoyed them and will listen-in again any time between 9 and 4 o'clock, on any week day.

This is station H. E. 3 signing off.

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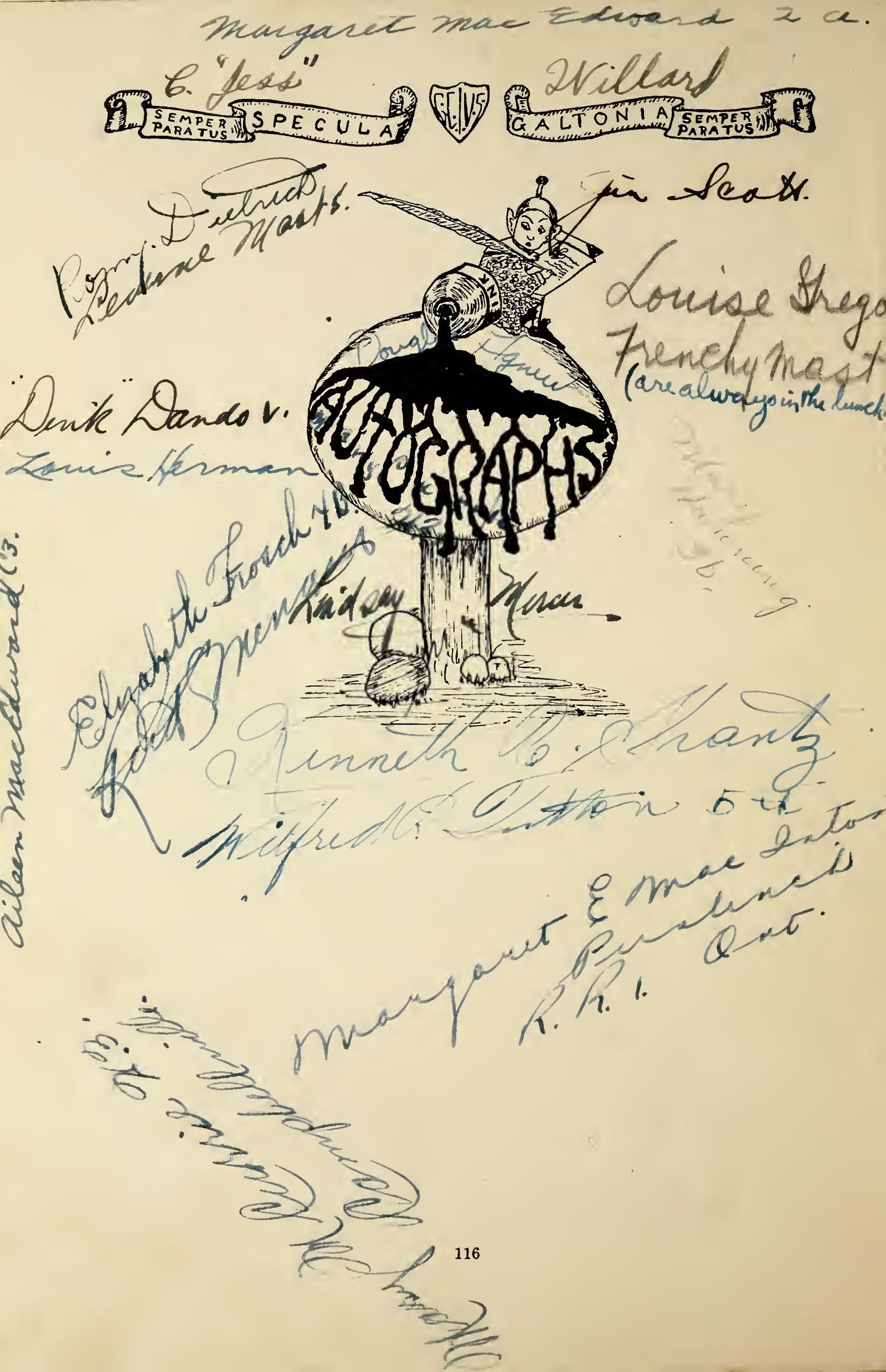
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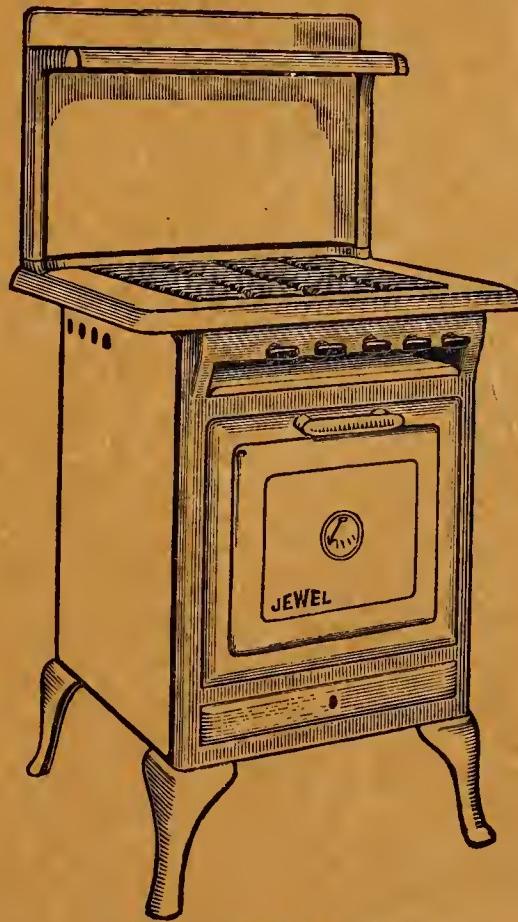


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In Montezuma's Day Cocoa Beans were used as Money

THE value of the cocoa bean was appreciated in Mexico long before the discovery of America. The Spaniard found there a beverage, known in Aztec as "chocolate"—from choco (cocoa) and lath (water). The Emperor Montezuma was exceedingly fond of it and is said to have consumed many jars or pitchers daily himself and his household 2,000 jars.

Cocoa beans in sacks containing a specified number were used as currency for the payment of taxes, purchase of slaves, etc. In fact the Aztecs valued the cocoa beans even more highly than gold.

Chocolate was introduced to Spain which country long tried to hold it from other nations, but of course failed, and by the 17th century its use had spread through Europe.

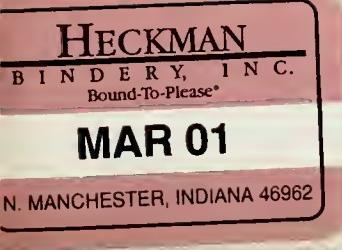
Cocoa beans are grown in West Africa, the West Indies, Ceylon and other countries. In making Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate only the finest cocoa beans are employed and these are blended by Neilson's experts, then roasted, ground and milled by special processes to give that smooth, rich, matchless flavor that makes Neilson's Jersey Milk the best milk chocolate made.

Neilson's
THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE









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